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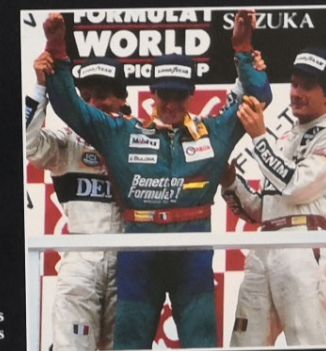
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(Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)

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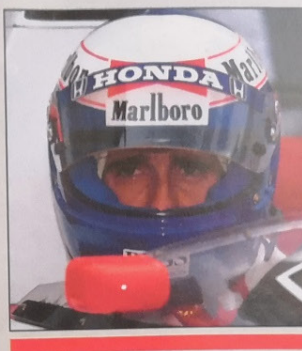




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# Pole Position

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

"So all day long the noise of battle rolled. Along the mountains by the winter sea...". Living temporarily in the Adelaide suburb of Tennyson, it was easy to recall the opening lines of the great man's poem in the atmosphere of the last Grand Prix of 1989.

Leopard tanks in the streets of the city... warplanes in the rain-sodden skies above... and a distinct whiff of cordite in the air at ground level, both before, during and after the race that at least eliminated all doubt as to the identity of the 1989 World Champion.

At precisely 15.25 local time, Ayrton Senna's obsessive pursuit of the title ended when his McLaren smashed into the back of Martin Brundle's Brabham. Until that moment, Senna had looked likely to sail away with the race - which was just as well, for it was almost impossible to drive away with it.

The new World Champion was not even in the race: Alain Prost, in his last Grand Prix for the McLaren team, was outraged by the decision to start the race in the pouring rain, resolved to drive one token lap, and stop - which is exactly what the little Frenchman did. How galling it must be to be proclaimed World Champion in such circumstances: the Suzuka incident with Senna, the McLaren appeal against Senna's disqualification, and an anticlimatic - or should it be climatic? - end to the racing year.

Prost had tried to enlist other drivers' help in forcing a longer delay before the Adelaide start. Since they had already come to the other end of the earth, he maintained, what harm could there be in waiting a little longer to see if things might improve? Nelson

Piquet was another who argued the same case: two World Champions in concert ought to count for something. But no, just a handful of other drivers - eventual race winner Thierry Boutsen among them - rallied to the cause: Mammon, the one-eyed monster and the powers that be would brook no delay.

Fortunately for all concerned, though there were spins, crashes and incidents galore, no-one was seriously

hurt. But as Larrousse driver Philippe Alliot said, after his own collision with Ferrari's Gerhard Berger, an awful lot of money was spent in those Adelaide walls in the two hours the 1989 Australian Grand Prix went on. Where was the sense in it all?

Piquet would say later that after 11 years of trying to get drivers to stand up for themselves he had had enough: no more initiatives would emerge from his particular corner. It was only one example of the imbalance of forces in Formula One, as was the presentation by Ron Dennis, well before the race itself, of McLaren's case against the judgement sent down from on high against Ayrton Senna. McLaren have pledged themselves to fight on through the winter in pursuit of fair play, integrity and honesty; but a press statement released by the FISA in Adelaide stressed the powers enjoyed by the governing body, spoke of anti-democratic acts and promised that heads, even prestigious ones, might roll.

How ironic it was, the morning after the race, to re-read the same release: "There is a responsibility on behalf of the drivers and teams to make a sporting and professional commitment to a race of the highest quality in front of the Australian public and

countless millions of TV viewers. Their combined performances will be a fitting reward to the magnificent efforts of the Adelaide Grand Prix organisers".

Eight cars finished as former World Champions drove straight into the back of other drivers in visibility which one of them described as like driving in thick fog; the new World Champion did not even participate in the finale to the season - and many were the drivers afterwards who said Prost was the one who had made the right decision.

The noise of battle surely rolled, not just all day but all weekend - and, it seemed, all season long. It simply seemed louder in the Adelaide Hills, as we waited for a European winter of discontent. One simple conclusion seemed to have escaped all the armies involved: in war, everybody loses...

STUART SYKES  
EDITOR

*Smart Sykes*

For McLaren, the 1989 season was in the balance to the bitter end... (Alonso/Pascal Rondau)





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# PARADOXICAL PROST! WORLD CHAMPION



(Sony Pictures)

**C**rowned World Champion for the third time in controversial circumstances, Alain Prost has called 1989 his worst season in Formula One. How can such success have turned sour? In this short extract from a major interview to be published in the next issue of *Prix Editions*, Prost's friend Patrick Camus finds out.

## PROST ON McLAREN

Ron Dennis has lost a lot of his authority, and the team's equilibrium has been upset as a result. It's always in a team's interests to have the two best drivers of the day. Now, of course, with hindsight, I regret the situation I've found myself in. I was living in a friendly environment,

relaxed, everyone was pulling in my direction... I'd have been World Champion twice more! I didn't think Ron Dennis would have decided one day to play the Senna card all along the line. Or at least he should have warned me, and I'd have acted differently. The human problems, the conflicts I've been living through at McLaren for two years have been unsettling me too much, stopping me giving 100% of myself at work.

## PROST ON SENNA

I have reason to pity Senna, he'll be very unhappy one day - the day he stops winning, the day he doesn't have the best equipment. Second place, for him, will be the worst of all possible failures. Yes, you have to feel sorry for him...

If I'd wanted it that way, Senna would still be with Lotus. Him with his problems, me with another world title. People would be congratulating me because with an equal engine he'd be miles behind me...

He's very quick, quicker than I am in certain circumstances. He also takes more risks. It's up to him to weigh up how worthwhile those risks are. He reminds me of the Prost of a few years back - and I understand now what life must have been like for Lauda with me alongside him.

## PROST ON FERRARI

It's an adventure I needed. I couldn't just stop racing after these last two seasons of frustration, when I couldn't go to the limits of my potential. McLaren will always be "my" team,

but every driver hopes to wear the Ferrari red one day. On the other hand, you can't let yourself be blinded by that red, see only the legend and the myth. Let's say I'm going to the right place at the right time - and hoping that '90 will bring me the satisfaction I haven't known in '89.

## PROST ON MANSELL

Mansell is a very quick driver, who won't be easy to beat. But it's our job to measure ourselves against the best. The most important thing is to know we get along very well together - and I hope it stays that way. What happens on the track mustn't interfere with that. It's a matter of intelligence, more than anything. Nigel and I have a lot in common, we have the same attitude to racing. Senna will never get along with a team-mate of equal stature.

## PROST ON FORMULA ONE

The problem with Formula One is that everything is based on results, on arguments and polemics - pleasure doesn't mean anything any more. And this year I've been really sickened by it all. I turn up at the circuits with no desire to be there, as if I were fetching up for another shift on the shop floor.

## PROST ON FEAR

I'm lucky enough never to have had a major accident, so I don't know what real fear is. But ever since Pironi's Hockenheim accident, when his Ferrari was launched off the back of my Renault, I have hesitated when faced with certain risks. I'm too afraid of what Pironi went through, of what Regazzoni is still going through. Not being able to walk anymore, living in a wheelchair - that's the worst thing that can happen to a driver. Each time we see a serious accident, I think something in our subconscious breaks... ■



Above: Victory in Italy saw Prost pointing towards title number three

(Alfred Pissal Rondau)

But by Hungary, Alain was no longer sitting comfortably at the heart of the McLaren team

(John Townsend)

Home ground was fertile terrain again: Prost won the French Grand Prix for the fourth time

(LAT)

Left: Walking away with the World Championship - but this was never the way it was supposed to be...

(Alfred Pissal Rondau)



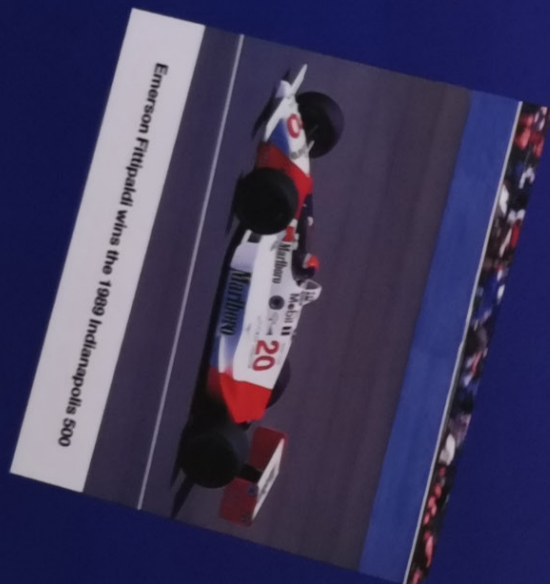
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If in doubt, ask a taxi driver. I emerged from the Adelaide Hilton, blinking in the morning sunlight, my head swimming with clinically presented facts at the McLaren press breakfast. Across the road, a shop announced the beginning of a Christmas campaign. The temperature was already nudging Seventy. All was confusion. If someone had said hello, I might have been pushed for an answer. The only solution was to seek the solace of a cab and the worldly wisdom of its driver.

"G'day mate. Where'dyawnago?" "Anywhere, anywhere! But the Terrace Hotel will do for now."

He then asked what had been going on, wanted to know why the Charnel 9 television vans were parked outside the Hilton. "Somebody famous in there?" he enquired.

"Yes," I said. "Quite famous in the little world I operate in. But he wouldn't mean much to the average man on the Adelaide street."

"Oh yeah," he muttered as the Ford Falcon nosed into the traffic, the driver clearly no longer interested in the vitally important matters under discussion over breakfast. I thought I would try another tack.

"We were talking about the racing driver who has been branded as dangerous." My man perked up at this news.

"What's his name again?"

"Senna, Ayrton Senna, former world champion."

"Yeah, that's him. Is he as bad as they say?"

"Depends on which side you are on. Either you respect him or you don't," I said, trying to add a deeply intellectual touch.

Silence for a few seconds.

"Yeah, but is he a raving petrol head? Is he mad?"

"No. Definitely not."

"What's all the fuss about then? I mean, it's a dangerous game isn't it? Christ, if they think he drives badly they ought to see some of the old biddys allowed out on the streets of Adelaide. And the ponies in the fast cars. Right sleepy lot they are. Most of them could slide under a snake with top hats on."

And there you have it. I never got into Ron Dennis's lengthy deposition over the rights and wrongs of the FIA Court of Appeal. Which was just as well because it would have taken a marathon cab ride over the Nullarbor Plain to explain it. Anyway, who really cares?

Well, Ron Dennis believes passionately in his cause and I don't doubt



## THE MAURICE HAMILTON COLUMN

his sincerity for a single second. Indeed, on the persuasive evidence presented over breakfast, he has every right to feel aggrieved.

The gist of his presentation concerned the irregularities of FISA and the FIA Court of Appeal. Ayrton Senna had been disqualified from first place in the Japanese Grand Prix; McLaren believed they had reasonable grounds for appeal.

When they arrived in Paris, they found that, as Dennis put it, instead of defending a case of shop-lifting, they were faced with defending charges of car theft, manslaughter, rape and pillage. It bore no resemblance to the case McLaren thought they were fighting. Suddenly, there were charges of dangerous driving. And yet the Stewards had initially ruled Senna out of the race because he had bypassed the chicane.

"We were presented with Stewards' Decision number 17 in Suzuka," said Dennis. "But when we got to Paris, we found that Decision number 17 had become number 16 - with the number badly changed - and an addi-

tional decision number 17 - brought out other issues which we were asked to defend."

It is easy to understand how this would have offended the standards of fair play which Dennis instils in his team. And it went downhill from that point on. The tribunal should have been made up of three judges. McLaren found that a fourth had been added and, apparently, one of them paid scant regard to the video or the written defence placed before him.

As we now know, the Court of Appeal not only rejected McLaren's appeal but Jean-Marie Balestre also chose to brand Senna as a danger to other drivers, issue a hefty fine and six-month suspended sentence.

As evidence of this, Balestre gave several examples of Senna's misdemeanours, some of which are fatuous in the extreme. For example, Senna's method of pulling off the track when his transmission broke at the start of the French Grand Prix looked perfectly proper under the circumstances and yet FISA cite this as an example of how Senna had put other drivers at risk. How, then, does crossing the track after the start of the British Grand Prix rate, Monsieur Balestre?

In any case, Balestre did not mention the most blatant of Senna's questionable tactics, namely the way in which he attempted to unite Prost with the pit wall at Estoril in 1988. And if the quoted examples were as dangerous as Balestre claims, why was no action taken at the time?

Of course, this argument cuts both ways. The Stewards at Suzuka ruled Senna out because he had cut the chicane. Dennis put together a video showing several instances - many of which I had forgotten - of drivers taking short-cuts and yet none of them had been penalised.

Does it make it right for Senna to break the rules in Japan? Maybe it does and Dennis is right to argue about the inconsistency of FISA's penalty. But it does smack of a motorist complaining bitterly because he has been booked for speeding and yet others have not been caught. Entirely different circumstances, I know, but then when has anything ever been cut and dried in Formula One?

I fully appreciate what Dennis is saying and I agree with the logic of his argument, per se. But I can't quite, to use a piece of Ronspeak, position them relative to the sporting market place. There are too many anomalies, too many cases of running with the hares and hunting



with the hounds. Dennis has spoken to other team owners about FISA's unfair treatment. He says he felt his case, and FISA's actions, would eventually touch everyone in a similar situation. He claims he was merely explaining things as he saw them; he says he didn't expect support.

Just as well, I would think. I may be wrong here, but I don't recall McLaren - or anyone else for that matter - rallying to Ken Tyrrell's cause when he was the victim of such appalling 'justice' at the hands of FISA in 1984. And I saw little anxiety over the draconian penalty imposed upon Nigel Mansell when Dennis was discussing the matter the following week in Spain. Sure, Ron now claims Mansell's ban for one race was wrong but, but to quote the immortal lines of Mandy Rice-Davis, he would say that.

Of course it was wrong! Just as Balestre's crucifixion of Senna was wrong. Just as the lenient penalty levied on Ayrton for ignoring the black flags in Jerez was wrong. Inconsistency is not new to FISA. It's not right either but, at the end of the day, the swings and roundabouts rule applies and you win some, lose some.

Agreed, the McLaren case involves the outcome of the world championship but if Senna's disqualification at Suzuka has glaring peculiarities, then so does his lucky escape in Jerez in view of the Mansell ban. Ah, but the Mansell ban was wrong too. Remember?

Ayrton Senna says, quite rightly, that FISA have confused the original issue; namely the method by which he rejoined the race in Suzuka. I am now confused about the precise reason for McLaren's pursuit of justice.

Senna said he had been victimised; he claimed that FISA were manipulating the world championship by disqualifying him. That was his complaint.

Ron Dennis claimed that he wanted see fair play; that he had no wish to affect the outcome of the world championship. Certainly the manner in which the Court of Appeal was conducted gives him grounds for pursuing justice. I had assumed, therefore, that if the appeal court had acted in the anticipated manner, considered Dennis's defence of the original charge and rejected it, then McLaren, however reluctantly, would have accepted that decision as final. Like it or not, the FIA Court of Appeal is the last word within the sport.



But no, Dennis says his lawyers had assured him that he had a cast iron case and he would have taken it to the civil courts. That's his right, of course. You would expect it of a man driven by the sense of fair play which is clearly evident in the immaculate running of his team.

But it suggests that the decision by Ferrari to withdraw their actions over the Mansell case is weak-kneed and buckles under the dictatorial methods of FISA. To my mind, Ferrari made the correct SPORTING decision. I may be old fashioned, but there you are.

Of course, you could argue, once again, that Ferrari were not disputing the championship and had little to lose. But McLaren have said the championship has nothing to do with their case. They merely want justice.

Thinking about Dennis's understandable sense of outrage, and the manner in which others have also suffered - but without the same moral indignation - I was reminded of a television documentary a few years back.

Ian Wooldridge was in Australia to talk to the locals about cricket. In the face of the hypocritical stance taken by certain highpowered individuals within the sport, he turned to a Sydney cab driver for his opinion on the England captain of the day. "That guy," said the cabbie, "has more side than a rat with a gold tooth." Seems to me there are one or two people in Formula One with expensive fillings.

... Expensive fillings. I mean, how much will it hurt Ron Dennis to lose the coveted Number 1 to Ferrari? More than he will admit to, I suspect. But then maybe I have been talking to too many cynical cab drivers. At the end of the day, you have to admit that FISA's methods stink. I suppose if anyone is going to force change, then it is the team that has won 11 world championships. I wish McLaren luck. ■



Opposite top: Breakfast at Tiffany's was never like this: Ron Dennis presents the McLaren case (Sporting Pictures)

Opposite centre left: Prost manages a smile while fielding another question in Adelaide (Brandon Exposito)

Opposite centre right: Stress and strain: it all shows on Senna's face at the press conference (Brandon Exposito)

Opposite bottom: McLaren International director Creighton Brown joined Prost on the Adelaide stage - sometimes to explain matters to Alain himself... (Brandon Exposito)

Above: Team under scrutiny - Senna asking his own questions in the Adelaide pits (Brandon Exposito)



THE FIGHT FOR A ONE-PAID PRIZE CHAMPIONSHIP - BACK NO. 19

# RACE REPORT JAPAN

DAVID TREMAYNE



Until lap 47 it had all the hallmarks of the most gripping race of 1989. It made Hungary and Portugal - both cliffhangers - look dull.

There was Alain Prost, rising to the occasion like never before this season, coming out of his corner determined to fight the man who has driven him from the McLaren team.

And there was that man, sitting only inches from his gearbox. Not for one or two laps, nor ten. But for 46, all of them nail-biting.

Before the race, Prost had made it clear he was through with opening doors for Ayrton Senna, whenever the Brazilian tried to bully his way through in the manner he had found so effective with the former champion in the past. In Canada and Portugal last year, and at Silverstone again this, Prost had had to back off - brake even, sometimes, as Senna speared ruthlessly through a gap barely wider than his McLaren. There was no worry about possible collision, just the certainty that his rival would give in and give him room. Mr Tee in the A Team, and his

"Gangway, sucka, comin' through." Except that this time Prost did shut the door.

And that was when the 1989 FIA Formula One World Championship finally headed for the ridicule FISA had already been teeing up for it in the previous few weeks. Not by coincidence, that had all started in Portugal after another collision involving Senna.

Qualifying, as it always does, had belonged to him. For its home race, Honda had come up with a further revised version of its Specification Five V10, the one with better bottom-end pick up. Prost was initially unable to use his on Friday, having to rely on his race car with its more powerful but less driveable Specification Four unit when his spare car (with the Spec Five) had developed a transmission oil leak. Senna, however, had no such problem and stormed to the overnight pole with a dashing 1m 39.493s lap. Mostly he'd run on Goodyear's soft race C compound tyres, only switching to qualifying Es at the last moment as the latter were good literally for only one of

Suzuka's long laps. Sometimes not even that much.

Prost never ran qualifiers that day and was confident of going faster on Saturday. He did, but then Senna staggered everyone with a lap in the 39s on race rubber before managing 1m 38.041s on Es for his 41st pole. No question, the Brazilian really can work himself up to an incredible pitch during such laps.

He thus deservedly began the race in the exact position he wanted, but then so did Prost. All season the Frenchman has accepted that his team mate is faster over a single qualifying lap, but a front row start would be good enough. He would have the ghost of a chance.

And where Ayrton won qualifying, Prost won the all important start, at a stroke wiping out all of Senna's heroics of the past two days. That cannot have sat well with him, especially as he had to win to maintain his slim championship chance.

"I knew the start would be crucial," Prost revealed. "Either he would go into the lead straight away and

it would all be over, or I would be able to get the advantage and maybe have a chance."

In those early laps he was simply electrifying. He'd been fastest in the morning warm-up, and had retained the key set-up for Suzuka, with low downforce. Senna had run more wing and curiously, since he had only been third fastest, opted to stay that way for the race.

For the first 10 laps each of his laps was slower than Prost's as the Frenchman raced out of his immediate sight. It was a style so devastating that even Senna cannot have failed to feel consternation, even if his personal animosity would have kept detached admiration well out of mind. Prost was driving as he did in his twenties, opening an advantage of 1.4s on the first lap and extending that to 2.2s on the second. By lap eight it was 4.8s and from his onboard camera Senna could be seen to take some desperate action to keep up his own speed. Prost was literally wiping the floor with him. Prior to the race everyone had expected the returned Nigel Mansell to pose the strongest threat to Senna's championship aspirations. Berger, it was felt, was hardly likely to want to go to McLaren as the man who had prevented Ayrton maintaining his hopes until Adelaide, and few expected Prost to mount such an astonishing challenge. Yet there he was, taking the fight to Senna and driving with a brilliance few expected even of him. By lap 11 of this gripping duel he was 4.9s ahead.

Barring their respective pit stops on laps 21 and 23, however, that was as big as the gap became. When Prost stopped for his replacement Cs, Senna went briefly ahead, but once he had made his own, slightly longer stop, Prost's advantage re-stabilised at 4.6s.

Mansell by then was in trouble, his Ferrari's electro-hydraulic gear-change making lazy shifts just as it had at Monza. Berger was ahead of him, third, unable to challenge either McLaren. And behind the Austrian, having made a blistering start from fifth on the grid, was Sandro Nannini, going like gangbusters in the Benetton.

The Anglo-Italian team had made some solid progress in qualifying, and even though Sandro didn't use it in the final session, a develop-



Two gestures that say it all: Prost's uncomprehending wave, Senna's refusal to believe (SAT)

ment version of the Ford V8 had proved itself 7kmh faster than the standard version and bolstered spirits within the camp.

Team-mate Emanuele Pirro used the development engine in the race, and spent his time chasing energetically up to eighth from a lowly 22nd on the grid. However, his efforts were punctuated by two incidents, one when he punted Jean Alesi into a half-spin and the second, again at the left hand hairpin on lap 34, when he ended his run in the gravel after running into de Cesaris. Benetton fortunes thus lay with Nannini, whose cause was enhanced when Berger's Ferrari quit with loss of fourth gear on lap 35. It had developed an oil leak on the grid, but in any case had been seriously over-revved twice in the morning when the gearshift played up.

Prior to the event, Mansell had been full of determination to embarrass both McLaren and Honda, not to mention Senna, in front of the Japanese fans, but his cause became even more hopeless on lap 36 as the Ferrari's engine began to smoke. There was even a

minor fire at the rear of the F1-89 for a while, and eventually the V12 cried enough on lap 44.

Despite his recent altercations with FISA, the Briton was cheerful all weekend, but mighty peeved that Ron Dennis had elected to go against FOCA's code of practice by testing at the venue the previous week. "We've all agreed not to, but McLaren goes right ahead and breaks the agreement," he pointed out. "It means they got all the engine settings they needed, and were there on chassis set-up too, the minute free practice started. Is that fair?"

Realisation that the press was aware of the fact sent Dennis into a rage, and another was to come as lap 47 approached.

A series of faster laps had taken Senna dramatically closer to Prost by lap 40, when he was a mere 0.42s adrift. Five laps later Prost was carefully protecting his line into the chicane, but his superior aerodynamics allowed him to pull out enough of a margin for the rest of each new lap. It would be close but Senna, it seemed was stymied.

Then, on fateful lap 47, Prost left a gap. Not much of a gap, but the sort a man would leave who figured his rival was far enough back not to pose an immediate threat. "I thought I had him handled, and he was farther back than he had been two laps earlier," said Alain later. Senna, however, figured there was enough of a gap and dived for it. Prost, as he'd promised, closed the door maybe a trifle too hard



Different reactions: Prost is pushing off while Senna insists on being pushed on

(Allport/Pascal Rondeau)



and a fraction too late. In a split second the two McLarens made the contact they'd avoided, on occasion only narrowly, in the past 50 races, and came to an inelegant stop, locked together.

Who to blame? Prost for leaving a tiny gap and then closing the door? Or Senna for trying to push through such a gap - contact was almost inevitable even had Prost not moved over - and for risking it in the one race he desperately needed to keep clear of his rivals? In disgust, Prost immediately unbuckled and stepped out of his MP4-5, sure he would have stayed ahead, equally sure both were out. Marshalls pulled Senna back and then pushed his car into the escape road with Prost's, both now out of dangerous places.

Had Ayrton locked his wheels hard right as he was pulled back, he would have stayed on the track and thus been able to benefit from a legal push-start. Instead, he signalled for another, illegal, push in the escape road, and roared off again, nose wings askew. Nannini, meanwhile, though he'd backed off his pace by five seconds a lap in the interests of finishing in what he thought would be third place, was about to take the lead. As Senna shot into the pits for a replacement nose, the Italian sped by for first place, but Benetton didn't signal the fact to him, planning to do so next time round. As they went into lap 50 Sandro had just over four seconds on Senna, but by the time he read that information starting lap 51, the wolf was already hammering on the door, now only half a second adrift.

Bravely, Nannini held him off for the best part of another lap, before Senna again took a massive chance and bullied his way by in the chicane. For a split second it looked like another collision was inevitable, but Nannini locked his left front wheel and stayed wide as long as he dared before Senna clawed through and he gained just enough room to get round. It was, it seemed, finally over, a breathtaking, if controversial, performance.

The stewards, however, took a different view. He had missed the chicane and he was out, they said. End of story. Nannini climbed the rostrum, flanked by Patrese and Boutsen who had driven consistent



First points for FW13 - and both Patrese and Boutsen took full advantage

(Allport-Pascal Rondeau)

if not outstanding races in the reliable Williams FW13s.

Nelson Piquet survived to fourth after a good run spent watching the oil light blinking for many laps, the obstructive Martin Brundle was fifth for Brabham, and Derek Warwick took an excellent, low downforce sixth after a magic yet sadly overshadowed drive from 25th on the grid.

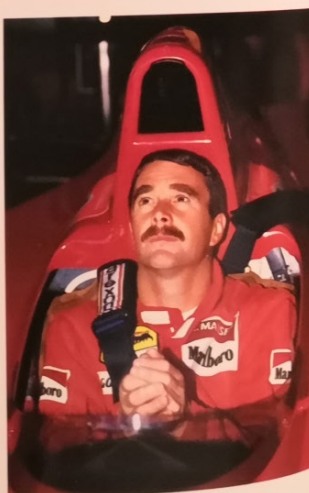
March had seventh with Gugelmin, who struggled with a lousy set-up and hard compound Goodyear Bs, but lost Capelli to front suspension failure. Modena dropped out of seventh near the end with suspected electrical trouble, while the charging Alliot and Nakajima both succumbed to broken engines. Jean Alesi lost fifth gear after an aggressive run, Palmer had fuel leaks on both his race car in the warm-up and his spare in the race, while Nicola Larini's qualifying brilliance was wasted by continual brake bias problems. Both Minardis retired on the opening lap, the Zakspeed lasted only one after surprising everyone by qualifying in the first place, and the two Dallaras handled so badly they had to run Pirelli's hardest rubber throughout.

None of that really mattered, though. The Japanese Grand Prix was purely about the two McLarens, and the ignominious end to their gripping fight.

McLaren launched an immediate appeal against Senna's exclusion as the Brazilian hissed at Prost's proffered handshake, but that didn't stop Jean-Marie Balestre acclaiming The Frenchman as the 1989 World Champion. Nor did it dissuade

him from freeze-framing the video of the shunt in the press room, and pointing out animatedly the moments when he felt Senna transgressed. "See, he is over the yellow pit lane entry line. Illegal! He has been push-started in the escape road. Illegal! He has missed the chicane. Illegal!"

He had tried so hard to keep the title fight going all the way to Adelaide, banning Mansell from Spain. Yet now he was quite clear in his own mind who had won. The press, cynicism on their sleeves, awaited with interest the outcome of McLaren's hearing later that week in Paris, aware that whatever happened the championship had been stripped of its final shred of dignity. □



Mansell was back, but prayer was powerless to prevent a Ferrari blow-up

(John Townsend)





1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX  
ROUND FOURTEEN

## JAPAN

Suzuka International Racing Course

22nd October 1989

Circuit Length: 3.641 miles/5.859 km

Laps: 53

### Drivers' World Championship

Pos.	Driver	Total
1	Alain Prost	76*
2	Ayrton Senna	60
3	Nigel Mansell	38
4	Riccardo Patrese	36
5	Thierry Boutsen	28
6	Alessandro Nannini	26
7	Gerhard Berger	21
8	Nelson Piquet	12
9	Jean Alesi	8
10	Derek Warwick	7
11	Michele Alboreto	6
	Eddie Cheever	6
	Stefan Johansson	6
14	Johnny Herbert	5
15	Martin Brundle	4
	Alex Caffi	4
	Andrea De Cesaris	4
	Mauricio Gugelmin	4
	Pierluigi Martini	4
	Stefano Modena	4
21	Christian Danner	3
22	Rene Arnoux	2
	Jonathan Palmer	2
24	Philippe Alliot	1
	Olivier Grouillard	1
	Luis Perez Sala	1
	Gabriele Tarquini	1

\*Only 11 best scores count. Prost drops 2 points scored in Mexico and 3 scored in Hungary.

### Constructors' World Championship

Pos.	Team	Total
1	McLaren	141
2	Williams	64
3	Ferrari	59
4	Benetton	31
5	Tyrrell	16
6	Arrows	13
7	Lotus	12
8	Brabham	8
	Dallara	8
10	Onyx	6
11	Minardi	5
12	Leyton House	4
13	Ligier	3
	Rial	3
15	AGS	1
	Lola	1

### Official Starting Grid

Alain Prost	1.39.771	2	1	Ayrton Senna	1.38.041
McLaren-Honda				McLaren-Honda	
Nigel Mansell	1.40.406	27	28	Gerhard Berger	1.40.187
Ferrari				Ferrari	
Alessandro Nannini	1.41.103	19	6	Riccardo Patrese	1.40.936
Benetton-Ford				Williams-Renault	
Philippe Alliot	1.41.336	30	5	Thierry Boutsen	1.41.324
Lola-Lamborghini				Williams-Renault	
Nicola Larini	1.41.519	17	8	Stefano Modena	1.41.458
Osella-DFR				Brabham-Judd	
Satoru Nakajima	1.41.988	12	11	Nelson Piquet	1.41.802
Lotus-Judd				Lotus-Judd	
Luis Perez Sala	1.42.283	24	7	Martin Brundle	1.42.182
Minardi-DFR				Brabham-Judd	
Andrea De Cesaris	1.42.581	22	21	Alex Caffi	1.42.488
Dallara-DFR				Dallara-DFR	
Jean Alesi	1.42.709	4	16	Ivan Capelli	1.42.672
Tyrrell-DFR				Leyton House-Judd	
Mauricio Gugelmin	1.42.880	15	23	Paulo Barilla	1.42.780
Leyton House-Judd				Minardi-DFR	
Emanuele Pirro	1.43.063	20	34	Bernd Schneider	1.42.892
Benetton-Ford				Zakspeed-Yamaha	
Eddie Cheever	1.43.511	10	26	Olivier Grouillard	1.43.379
Arrows-DFR				Ligier-DFR	
Jonathan Palmer	1.43.757	3	9	Derek Warwick	1.43.599
Tyrrell-DFR				Arrows-DFR	

### Race Classification

Pos.	Driver	No.	Nat.	Car	Laps	Time/Retirement
1	A. Nannini	19	Ita	Benetton-Ford	53	1.35.06.277
2	R. Patrese	6	Ita	Williams-Renault	53	1.35.18.181
3	T. Boutsen	5	Bel	Williams-Renault	53	1.35.19.723
4	N. Piquet	11	Bra	Lotus-Judd	53	1.36.50.502
5	M. Brundle	7	GB	Brabham-Judd	52	
6	D. Warwick	9	GB	Arrows-DFR	52	
7	M. Gugelmin	15	Bra	Leyton House-Judd	52	
8	E. Cheever	10	USA	Arrows-DFR	52	
9	A. Caffi	21	Ita	Dallara-DFR	52	
10	A. De Cesaris	22	Ita	Dallara-DFR	51	
R	A. Prost	2	Fra	McLaren-Honda	46	Accident with Senna
R	S. Modena	8	Ita	Brabham-Judd	46	Alternator
R	N. Mansell	27	GB	Ferrari	43	Engine
R	S. Nakajima	12	Jap	Lotus-Judd	41	Engine
R	J. Alesi	4	Fra	Tyrrell-DFR	37	Gearbox
R	P. Alliot	30	Fra	Lola-Lamborghini	36	Engine
R	G. Berger	28	Aut	Ferrari	34	Transmission
R	E. Pirro	20	Ita	Benetton-Ford	33	Accident
R	O. Grouillard	26	Fra	Ligier-DFR	31	Engine
R	I. Capelli	16	Ita	Leyton House-Judd	27	Suspension
R	N. Larini	17	Ita	Osella-DFR	21	Brakes
R	J. Palmer	3	GB	Tyrrell-DFR	20	Fuel leak
R	B. Schneider	34	Ger	Zakspeed-Yamaha	1	Driveshaft
R	P. Barilla	23	Ita	Minardi-DFR	0	Clutch
R	L. Sala	24	Spa	Minardi-DFR	0	Accident
DQ	A. Senna	1	Bra	McLaren-Honda	53	Did not complete circuit

Fastest Lap: A. Prost 1.43.506, 126.625 mph/203.779 km/h

### Non Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
25	R. Arnoux	Ligier-DFR
29	M. Alboreto	Lola-Lamborghini
38	P.H. Raphanel	Rial-DFR
39	B. Gachot	Rial-DFR

### Non-Pre Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
18	P. Ghinzani	Osella-DFR
31	R. Moreno	Coloni-DFR
36	S. Johansson	Onyx-DFR
35	A. Suzuki	Zakspeed-Yamaha
33	O. Larrauri	EuroBrun-Judd
37	J.J. Lehto	Onyx-DFR
40	G. Tarquini	AGS-DFR
41	Y. Dalmas	AGS-DFR



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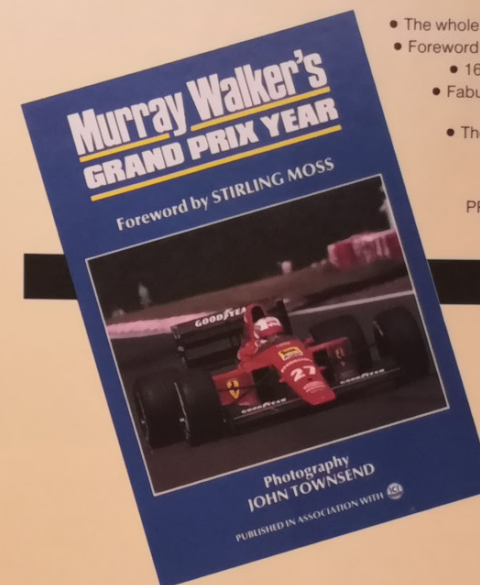
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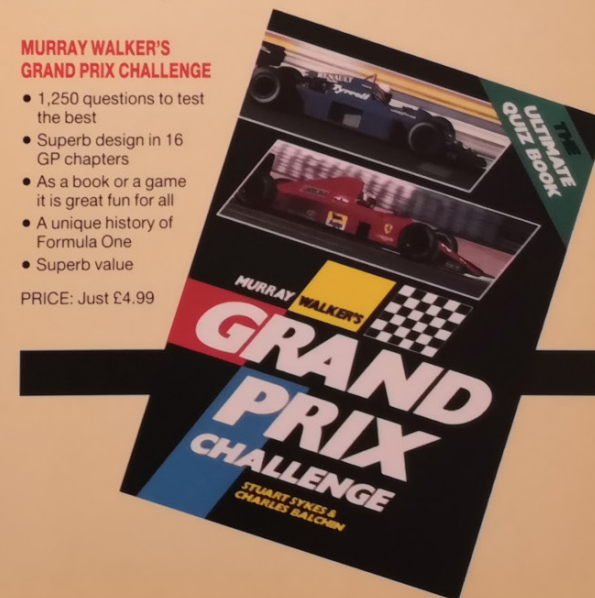
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1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX CHAMPIONSHIP — RACE NO.16

# RACE REPORT AUSTRALIA

DAVID TREMAYNE

"I wish I could watch the race on Channel 9."

"I wish you could too!"

The Australians took the Grand Prix firmly to their hearts, so much so that it made front page in all the dailies, and that spoof exchange between Senna and Prost which the television channel used in its publicity advertisements was typical of the knowledgeable reception the Formula One circus was given.

However, it all so nearly backfired as the race was turned into a nightmare by torrential rain which doused memories of two glorious days of qualifying.

In the end, it was Prost not Senna who came close to watching the event on television after refusing to complete more than a lap in conditions which were universally condemned. Senna himself ended his day lucky to be around at all to see any kind of tv programme.

Endearingly, the Aussies treated the Grand Prix much more seriously than would their supposedly more enlightened European counterparts, so much was made of the feud between the two.

The Brazilian, of course, came to Adelaide under the cloud of the Suzuka incident, and FISA's subsequent fine and six months suspended sentence for alleged dangerous driving. On the preceding Thursday he held a press conference in which he made an impassioned plea for the media's support, and that was followed by a more controlled request for similar help by McLaren boss Ron Dennis.

Senna had the media eating from his hand, but there was further controversy on Friday afternoon when, beaten by Prost for the overnight pole, he accused his team-mate of overtaking Gerhard Berger under a yellow flag. Since Prost slowed and moved aside immediately after passing the Ferrari, so that Senna could overtake both, many were surprised at the Brazilian's outburst, but he had had to lift fractionally, and was angered that he had to accept second best.

It was all good grist to the mill, and his ruffled feathers were smoothed by Father Dennis. And in any case, Ayrton duly redressed the balance on Saturday with a stunning pole, the 42nd of his

turmoiled career.

That day, he admitted, he was much more relaxed, "with the peace that I hadn't known since Thursday." He told the local press that reading the Bible had helped calm him, his openness about his genuine religious beliefs winning him further admirers.

By Sunday lunchtime, however, such qualifying efforts, allied to those of third fastest Pierluigi Martini, Sandro Nannini and the Williams duo, were rendered academic when the forecast rain arrived by the oceanload. A special acclimatisation session was laid on, and when Nigel Mansell and Nannini put their cars into the wall after aquaplaning, everyone began to get very nervous.

As the scheduled starting time of 14.30 approached it was clear few were preparing to venture out after the green flag lap, and it gradually became apparent that Australia faced its second pilots' strike.

"I don't care what anyone thinks about what I'm doing," said Nelson Piquet as he canvassed support for a delay until the rain stopped. "My car feels brilliant in the wet,

but where I am on the grid I know I'm going to have a shunt or get involved in someone else's." His words were chillingly prophetic.

Prost and Berger, along with Boutsen and Patrese, were also keen for a delay, but throughout all the argument Senna sat calmly in his McLaren. Still refusing to accept that his championship hopes had really ended, he was going to race come hell or high water.

As some team managers began to exert subtle - and others not so subtle - pressure on their drivers, the resolve began to weaken. One by one the drivers climbed back into their cars, but even so Mansell, Piquet and Berger were barely ready for the 30s board, and many were not even in their grid positions. The result was thoroughly shameful, more akin to the worst kind of rolling start.

Prost got the drop on Senna until the Brazilian elbowed by into the first corner, but Alain had already decided he would do one lap, then stop. "It is madness, driving in these conditions," he commented quietly. "The aquaplaning is worse than at Silverstone last year, and the visibility is as bad... How can you race like that, at one or two tenths?"

By the second lap, a spin by JJ Lehto had straddled his Onyx over a kerb and the race was red flagged. The two Ligiers had already tangled, and Modena had been off, but as the cars reassembled on the grid, it was clear a restart was envisaged, even though Prost, Patrese and Piquet counselled Clerk of the Course Tim Schenken and official starter Roland Bruynseraede to delay until the weather got better.

"The problem is that the water has nowhere to drain, and the concrete walls trap the spray," explained Prost, but his words, and his warning of accidents, went unheeded. He, like Piquet, was proved prescient. He had no intention of restarting. "And even if the championship had been at stake I wouldn't have," he confessed with his usual candour.

So the Australian Grand Prix went under its second green light of the day without one of its stars, and for a fleeting moment Martini seemed to have made full use of the vacant front row slot as he began to draw alongside Senna. Then Honda power and Goodyear

grip told, and as Piero slithered round to hold up the hungry Williamses of Boutsen and Patrese, and Nannini, Ayrton made his break.

After a lap he was eight seconds clear, after two a staggering 23.508s. By the time Boutsen and Patrese had outfumbled Piero on lap three, the McLaren was gone. Maybe, just maybe, if the race went more than half distance so he got full points, and if his Suzuka appeal was upheld, Senna had a crack at the title after all.

Certainly he thought so, piling on the pace as he snaked around Adelaide's soaking streets.

The race should never have been started, and Piquet ought to have known when he described the conditions as the worst he had ever seen. Yet hope somehow springs eternal, and none of the officials seemed to want the responsibility of saying okay, let's not run. The upshot of all that was an event in which only eight of the 24 starters were around at the end, and only two of the retirements actually quit with mechanical faults. The rest either spun or had big shunts.

Arnoux abandoned his last Grand Prix when Cheever tapped him into a spin on lap five and his Ligier was left perched on a kerb. Jean Alesi's Tyrrell, like Larini's Osella, wouldn't fire on the grid. Starting from the pits, he stormed round late, spun once then retired with dead electrics. Berger, vociferous in his criticism of FISA, collided with Alliot on lap seven when the Frenchman cut across

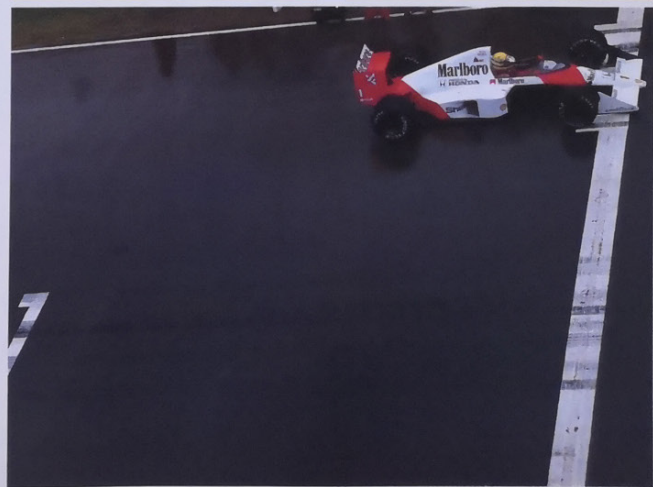
him. Neither seemed sorry Derek Warwick was charging for Arrows, up to eighth until his engine cut and pitched him into the wall on lap eight.

De Cesaris lost his Dallara several times before kerbing it, while team-mate Alex Caffi strained his back after shunting his BMS189. Ivan Capelli was rare in retiring his March with a radiator puncture after running across some of the plentiful debris.

Olivier Grouillard had one spin and then parked his Ligier more comprehensively in the wall. Cheever celebrated his last Grand Prix by driving up to fifth with his Arrows dragging part of the JS33's wing under its belly until the American spun out and stalled on lap 43.

There were some encouraging things, though, and JJ Lehto's polished performance in the Onyx was one of them. It was the Finn's first wet run in a Formula One car, and he had worked up to an excellent fifth by lap 28 when his engine 'did a Warwick' by cutting momentarily before chiming in at an awkward moment.

A lengthy casualty list, then, but sadly those were only the minor incidents. On lap 10 Mansell had a mighty 360 degree spin heading onto Brabham Straight, but handled it superbly to gather it all up with minimal loss of momentum. Eight laps later, however, while pressing Nannini for second, he lost his bearings momentarily and went off backwards at high speed into the wall.





Even that heavy shunt paled into insignificance alongside those involving Senna and Brundle, and Piquet and Ghinzani.

On lap 11 even Ayrton had the mother, father and aunt of spins on the straight, going round three and a half times before collecting himself and carrying on, losing only seven seconds in the process! But on lap 14 he simply drove straight into the back of Brundle's Brabham in the same place.

There was merriment as he three-wheeled to retirement in the pits, but this was no laughing matter. Formula One had escaped a massive, driver-injuring shunt by the skin of its teeth, and it was lucky to miss another six laps later when Piquet himself did exactly the same thing to Ghinzani's Osella. Nelson was preparing to pass Martini for seventh place, and was going deep under the brakes into the hairpin at the end of Brabham Straight. He was still travelling very fast when he literally scooped the Lotus' nose beneath the Osella's rear wheels, and by the grace of God both of them just missed his head as the FAIM was thrown violently to the left. The Lotus shed its left front wheel and both cars skated to a halt, their occupants mercifully intact.

When there was racing, as opposed to survival driving, it was good. Boutsen and Patrese had a ding-dong initially until Riccardo dropped back and then concentrated on passing Mansell's points tally for third in the championship, and Thierry drove flawlessly to a brilliant, stylish success that was thoroughly deserved.

The other real star was probably the least likely, as Satoru Nakajima drove an absolute blinder for Lotus. From 23rd on the grid he hacked up through the field in rare old style, setting fastest laps and closing dramatically to within 1.7s of Patrese before losing touch slightly. Fourth place was nevertheless honourable after an excellent performance. Pirro kept it together for fifth and his first points, while Martini survived for a gripless sixth from Gugelmin and an even more gripless Modena.

The Australian Grand Prix was a race that never should have been sanctioned, no matter what the commercial considerations. It was a bad day on which the outcome of the 1989 World



Championship really was decided once and for all, and on which Thierry Boutsen drove faultlessly. But more than anything else, it was a day on which Formula One took a mighty gamble, and could count itself very lucky to have won.

This page top: Boutsen (left) and Prost flank official starter Roland Bruynseraede - but the race went on (Keith Sutton). Umbrellas were the only bright spots - except for Boutsen's eventual victory (LAT).

Cheever's accident in the dry was bad enough... (John Townsend)

...but Piquet was, in his own words, "happy to be alive on Sunday night" (Sporting Pictures)

Right: Senna faces the Press: the Adelaide track was not the only place where there was water... (Allsport/Pascal Rondeau)



## 1989 FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX ROUND SIXTEEN

### AUSTRALIA

Adelaide

5th November 1989

Circuit Length: 2.349 miles/3.780 km

Laps: 70

### Drivers' World Championship

Pos.	Driver	Total
1	Alain Prost	76*
2	Ayrton Senna	60
3	Riccardo Patrese	40
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8	Nelson Piquet	12
9	Jean Alesi	8
10	Derek Warwick	7
11	Michele Alboreto	6
	Eddie Cheever	6
	Stefan Johansson	6
14	Johnny Herbert	5
	Pierluigi Martini	5
16	Martin Brundle	4
	Alex Caffi	4
	Andrea De Cesaris	4
	Mauricio Gugelmin	4
	Stefano Modena	4
21	Christian Danner	3
	Satoru Nakajima	3
23	Rene Arnoux	2
	Jonathan Palmer	2
	Emanuele Pirro	2
26	Philippe Alliot	1
	Olivier Grouillard	1
	Luis Perez Sala	1
	Gabriele Tarquini	1

\*Only 11 best results count

### Constructors' World Championship

Pos.	Team	Total
1	McLaren	141
2	Williams	77
3	Ferrari	59
4	Benetton	39
5	Tyrrell	16
6	Lotus	15
7	Arrows	13
8	Brabham	8
	Dallara	8
10	Minardi	6
	Onyx	6
12	Leyton House	4
13	Ligier	3
15	Rial	3
	AGS	1
	Lola	1

### Official Starting Grid

Ayrton Senna	1.16.665	1			
McLaren-Honda			2	Alain Prost	1.17.403
Pierluigi Martini	1.17.623	23		McLaren-Honda	
Minardi-DFR			19	Alessandro Nannini	1.17.762
Thierry Boutsen	1.17.791	5		Benetton-Ford	
Williams-Renault			6	Riccardo Patrese	1.17.827
Nigel Mansell	1.18.313	27		Williams-Renault	
Ferrari			8	Stefano Modena	1.18.750
Andrea De Cesaris	1.18.828	22		Brabham-Judd	
Dallara-DFR			21	Alex Caffi	1.18.857
Nicola Larini	1.19.110	17		Martin Brundle	1.19.136
Osella-DFR			7	Brabham-Judd	
Emanuele Pirro	1.19.217	20		Gerhard Berger	1.19.238
Benetton-Ford			28	Ferrari	
Jean Alesi	1.19.259	4		Ivan Capelli	1.19.269
Tyrrell-DFR			16	Leyton House-Judd	
J. J. Lehto	1.19.309	37		Nelson Piquet	1.19.392
Onyx-DFR			11	Derek Warwick	1.19.599
Philippe Alliot	1.19.568	30		Arrows-DFR	
Lola-Lamborghini			10	Eddie Cheever	1.19.922
Piercarlo Ghinzani	1.19.691	18		Arrows-DFR	
Osella-DFR			26	Olivier Grouillard	1.20.073
Satoru Nakajima	1.20.066	12		Ligier-DFR	
Lotus-Judd			25	Rene Arnoux	1.20.391
Mauricio Gugelmin	1.20.191	15		Ligier-DFR	
Leyton House-Judd					

### Race Classification

Pos.	Driver	No.	Nat.	Car	Laps	Time/Retirement
1	T. Boutsen	5	Bel	Williams-Renault	70	2:00:17.421
2	A. Nannini	19	Ita	Benetton-Ford	70	2:00:46.079
3	R. Patrese	6	Ita	Williams-Renault	70	2:00:55.104
4	S. Nakajima	12	Jap	Lotus-Judd	70	2:00:59.752
5	E. Pirro	20	Ita	Benetton-Ford	68	
6	P. Martini	23	Ita	Minardi-DFR	67	
7	M. Gugelmin	15	Bra	Leyton House-Judd	66	
8	S. Modena	8	Ita	Brabham-Judd	64	
R	E. Cheever	10	USA	Arrows-DFR	42	Accident
R	J. J. Lehto	37	Fin	Onyx-DFR	27	Engine
R	O. Grouillard	26	Fra	Ligier-DFR	22	Accident
R	N. Piquet	11	Bra	Lotus-Judd	19	Accident with Chinami
R	P. Ghinzani	18	Ita	Osella-DFR	18	Accident with Piquet
R	N. Mansell	27	GB	Ferrari	17	Spun
R	A. Senna	1	Bra	McLaren-Honda	13	Accident with Brundle
R	A. Caffi	21	Ita	Dallara-DFR	13	Spun
R	I. Capelli	16	Ita	Leyton House-Judd	13	Radiator
R	A. De Cesaris	22	Ita	Dallara-DFR	12	Spun
R	M. Brundle	7	GB	Brabham-Judd	12	Accident with Senna
R	D. Warwick	9	GB	Arrows-DFR	7	Accident
R	P. Alliot	30	Fra	Lola-Lamborghini	6	Accident with Berger
R	G. Berger	28	Aut	Ferrari	6	Accident with Alliot
R	J. Alesi	4	Fra	Tyrrell-DFR	5	Electrics
R	R. Arnoux	25	Fra	Ligier-DFR	4	Spun
DNS	N. Larini	17	Ita	Osella-DFR	0	
DNS	A. Prost	2	Fra	McLaren-Honda	0	

Fastest Lap: Satoru Nakajima 1:38.480, 85.864 mph/138.180 km/h

### Non Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
6	J. Palmer	Tyrrell-DFR
24	L. Sala	Minardi-DFR
39	B. Cachot	Rial-DFR
38	P. H. Raphanel	Rial-DFR

### Non-Pre Qualifiers

No.	Name	Car
36	S. Johansson	Onyx-DFR
29	M. Alboreto	Lola-Lamborghini
34	B. Schneider	Zakspeed-Yamaha
31	R. Moreno	Coloni-DFR
33	O. Larrauri	EuroBrun-Judd
35	A. Suzuki	Zakspeed-Yamaha
41	Y. Dalmas	AGS-DFR
40	G. Tarquini	AGS-DFR
32	E. Bertaggia	Coloni-DFR



# REVIEW OF THE RACING YEAR

BY STUART SYKES

## BRAZIL

The 40th year of the World Championship began, fittingly, with victory for the only team to have taken part every year - but who could have forecast a win for Mansell in his first Ferrari outing? Patrese broke the all-time record with his 177th Grand Prix start... Senna and Berger made contact on the first corner... Herbert emulated Prost with points in his first-ever Grand Prix, in a Benetton... Gugelmin got on the rostrum for the first time, at his home race, but it was a short-lived promise for Leyton House... Warwick's 101st Grand Prix was his first in a non-turbo car... Alboreto was back at Tyrrell - but not for long...



(Allport/Vandenberg)



(Allport/Pascal Randau)

## SAN MARINO

Berger's big accident halted the race but left him relatively unscathed... Grouillard was black-flagged after changing the Ligier's undertray on the new grid... Boutsen and Caffi were disqualified for illegal attentions too... Tarquini took over from the grievously injured Streiff at AGS, and was briefly promoted into the points... Herbie Blash was back in charge at Brabham... Alboreto did not qualify for Tyrrell, but Palmer was a Flying Doctor this week-end. Senna and Prost made it the first McLaren 1-2 of the year, Prost taking the title lead...

## MONACO

Traffic, as always, was the Monte Carlo problem, and the De Cesaris-Piquet incident was merely the most amusing of many - though not to Prost, whose delay simply allowed Senna to motor further into the Monegasque distance. Berger was back, though in a spectating capacity, while Alboreto also missed out on Friday - by choice, preferring to wait for the arrival of his new Tyrrell 018... Three drivers who pre-qualified went all the way to the top six, with Modena putting Brabham on the rostrum, Caffi fourth and Brundle fighting back for a brilliant sixth place... Prost and Senna shared the lead...



(Colsonport)

## MEXICO

Senna equalled Clark's record of 33 poles, walked away with the race and moved seven points clear in the title race. Prost, fifth in the race, was already being linked with other teams, in this case Williams... Berger was back in action, but the race was black-flagged when Modena spun off at the fearsome Peralta... Alboreto surprised everybody with third place for Tyrrell, while Tarquini scored his first genuine point with sixth place in the AGS... Stefan Johansson made it through pre-qualifying for the first time, and the new Minardi M189 made its first appearance...



(John Townsend)

## UNITED STATES

As Arizona gave Grand Prix racing the warmest possible welcome, Prost achieved two notable firsts: he wrote off a McLaren chassis for the first time, and the 36th victory of his career was his first-ever in North America as Senna's electric failed. Cheever, born in Phoenix itself, breathed new life into Arrows with third place... De Cesaris took out Dallara team-mate Caffi, who was well on his way to the points... Nannini, neck muscles knotted after a warm-up shunt, did not last the distance... As hardly anyone else did, Danner inherited fourth place for Rial... It was Lotus's 400th Grand Prix... Prost moved into a two-point lead...



(John Townsend)



## CANADA

Despite doubts over tyre choice and a high-speed spin, Boutsen passed Patrese for his first Grand Prix victory and a 1-2 for the Williams team as both McLarens failed. Berger stalled on the line, Mansell and Nannini, who had dived in for slicks after the warm-up lap, blasted out of the pit lane - and nearly collected the whole field, which they thought was well on its way... Black flags followed for both... Warwick led for four laps... Johansson erupted from the pits with the jackhammer still attached to the wheel... Herbert and Brundle didn't make it into the race but De Cesaris was on the rostrum... Prost still led...



(Sporting Pictures)

## FRANCE

Prost announced he was leaving McLaren then took pole and a convincing victory... Gugelmin sparked off a spectacular first-corner accident but took the re-start... Senna led second time away but stopped within 200 metres... Great drive to second place by Mansell... Rookies were richly rewarded as Donnelly, Bernard, Pirro and Alesi made their Formula One debuts... Warwick was out injured, while Dalmás, Herbert and Alboreto were the men replaced... Nannini produced a stirring drive in the new Benetton... As Senna suffered his third race in a row with no points, Prost was 11 in front...



(John Townsend)

## GREAT BRITAIN

Senna struggled with the McLaren's transverse gearbox, looked to have it won and spun out with a boxful of neutrals, leaving Prost to cruise it. For the second year in a row a sterling performance saw Mansell finish 2nd... Piquet was back in the points at last... For the first time, both Minardis were also in the points, Martini and Sala dispelling fears of pre-qualifying as Onyx and Larrousse saw that chasm yawning before them... Modena became the only man to pre-qualify at every round... The Williams FW13 still did not appear... Larini nearly collected FISA's President, who ran across the track... Prost ended the day with a 20-point lead...



(Continued)

## GERMANY

Senna got back to the front... and Prost was now being linked with Ferrari... The departure of Messrs Bushell and Warr brought a change of atmosphere at Lotus and Piquet was in the points again... Late, late show for the Larrousse Lolas in their first stab at pre-qualifying... Pirro got the Benetton up to fourth but went off in the Stadium section - no harm done... Same story for Berger, who had a major off but emerged unscathed, taking his string of non-finishes to double figures... No German driver in the national race... The Prost-Senna gap was trimmed to 17 points...

## HUNGARY

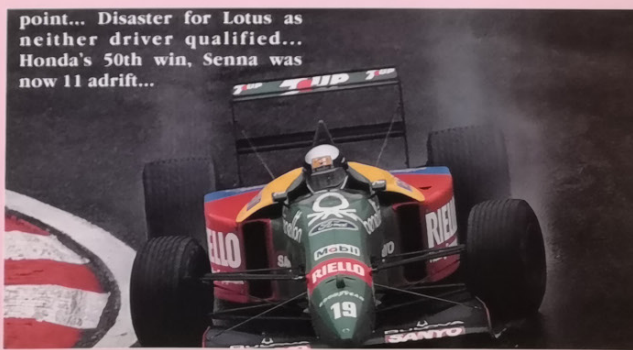
Mighty Mansell pulled off the overtaking manoeuvre of the year to outsmart Senna and notch his 15th win - this after starting from 12th place on the grid... Patrese started on the pole, led for over fifty laps but was thwarted by a punctured radiator... Another unhappy weekend for Berger, now looking forward to McLaren in 1990... Alesi found the self-confidence to brake-test Mansell and was reported for his trouble... Caffi qualified superbly on the second row but race tyre performance delayed the Dallara... Prost, beset by balance and engine problems, finished 4th - and the difference was now 14...



(John Townsend)

## BELGIUM

Boutsen faced his 100th Grand Prix in front of home fans, but there was no repeat of the win in the wet in Montreal... Senna showed again he is the modern rain master... Prost and Mansell enlivened proceedings with a thrilling battle for 2nd spot... Martini topped the warm-up times... Berger was still unable to ride high, in fact the low ride height of the Ferrari made him first to aquaplane out of the race... Warwick celebrated his 35th birthday with another



(Photo: Sutton)

point... Disaster for Lotus as neither driver qualified... Honda's 50th win, Senna was now 11 adrift...



## ITALY

Senna's charge came to a halt as he spun out on his own oil while in the lead... Prost dropped the trophy to the fans, and a clanger where Ron Dennis was concerned... Hallelujah! Berger finished, and on the rostrum at that... Alesi had his Friday times scrubbed for a rear wing infringement but was in the points for Tyrrell again... Sala's Minardi got into the race when Modena was excluded for failing to stop for a weight check... Mansell's first Italian Grand Prix for Ferrari ended with his gearbox just after Boutsen had blasted past... It was victory 79 for McLaren, equalling Lotus as the leading British team... Prost had a 20-point cushion again...



## PORTUGAL

Berger's first win of the season was swamped by events on and off the track... While his teammate's pit stop took under seven seconds, Mansell's was a disaster - reversing in the pit lane earned him a black flag, he failed to stop, tangled with Senna, and earned himself a maximum \$50,000 fine and one-race ban... Prost cruised home 2nd, Johansson made it back to the rostrum for Onyx... The FW13 appeared at last, and went well until ten laps from the end... Martini, fifth on the grid, occupied the same place in the race - after leading for half a lap! Lehto replaced Gachot in the other Onyx... Prost was 24 points in front...



## SPAIN

Senna took his 40th pole position and the easiest of victories... Mansell's one-race "exclusion" happened here... Danner was sacked by Rial, who omitted to tell him until the Friday morning - he then saw his replacement Foitek have an almighty accident... Senna on a flyer at the time, ignored black flags and was fined \$20,000... Brundle and Alesi brightened up the race with a tigerish scrap, the Tyrrell coming home fourth just ahead of a flying Patrese - who had reverted to the FW12C... Martini made his first-ever second row start... Alliot bagged

the first point for the Lamborghini V12... Prost, 3rd, made sure Senna needed to win the last two rounds...



## JAPAN

Question for a future quiz: who won the 1989 Japanese Grand Prix? Sandro Nannini's first-ever victory was drowned in the tide of controversy that followed the Senna-Prost incident... Did Prost close the door too hard? Did Senna go for a gap that was never there? The pity was, it had been Prost's finest effort of the year, reducing Senna to impotence in his wake... Nannini locked up at the same chicane to let Senna through... Also overshadowed was a stirring drive from Derek Warwick, taking the recalcitrant Arrows from 25th on the grid to sixth in the race... But nothing else mattered as the World Championship headed for the courts...



## AUSTRALIA

Adelaide awash: not only with race-day rain, but also with argument and counter-argument, before, during and after a senseless race in appalling conditions... Not even the highest authority could stop rainmaster Senna smashing into Brundle's Brabham and making Prost incontrovertibly World Champion... The new king was not even in the re-started race... Drivers were powerless to sway the authorities to delay the start... Only eight cars finished, and two former World Champions drove straight into the back of other cars they simply couldn't see... Boutsen's second success was the first for the new FW13 - and the end of 1989 couldn't come soon enough.

(Sporting Pictures)





# PATIENCE REWARDED



Thierry Boutsen celebrated his 100th Grand Prix at Spa. Appropriately, it was his home event and the very circuit where he began his Formula One career in 1983. But, given the appalling luck which attended the Belgian driver this year, it was also fitting that the race should be held in simply atrocious conditions. After 50 consecutive days without rain at Spa-Francorchamps, the heavens opened and the 11th round of the championship was almost washed away.

Boutsen didn't complain. After all, he had won his first Grand Prix under similar conditions in Canada last June. But, more than that, Thierry is not the sort of person to moan and groan at length. His placid temper-

ament is ideally suited to his profession but, given his largely disappointing results during his first season with Williams-Renault, surely his patience has been stretched more than a little? Just what did he set out to achieve in 1989?

"My main aim", says Thierry, "was to do better than last year. By winning the race in Canada, it's already a better season than last year. I've had a peak with winning in Montreal but, on average, the season has not been as good."

"This has been due in some cases to mechanical reliability and, at other times, to a lot of bad luck. There have been a number of small mechanical problems and unbelievable things such as having four punctures

in the races — either going to the grid or in the middle of the race.

"In Hungary, for instance, the car had quite a lot of understeer during practice on the first day and I decided to go for one set of race tyres in the afternoon so that I could work on the car some more. The car went a lot better, so I then put on the one set of qualifiers — and the engine started to misfire and cut out and they couldn't cure it."

"At Monaco, I was third behind the McLarens, and part of my rear wing broke. In France, I was going well and the gearbox went."

"So I'm not too happy about my luck, but there's nothing you can do about it. You just have to wait and be patient. The luck will come back.



Patience rewarded: Thierry on the Montreal rostrum

(John Townsend)

"Things improved at Monza, where I finished third. I felt I had a good race there. The car was very, very good and I drove at my maximum for the whole race. But, otherwise, the problem this year is that I haven't had much of a chance to prove anything. Apart from Montreal, that is."

And the irony about Thierry's maiden win in Canada is that the Gods were definitely smiling on him that day. The race started on a wet but drying track. The majority of the field started on wets, many drivers changing to slicks only to find the rain returning with a vengeance. In fact, it was so wet that Boutsen was not alone in spinning. The difference was that his spin was probably faster than anyone else's — and he got away with it. It brings a wry smile as he recalls the moment:

"That spin was something else — and at a very fast part of the track. I went through a complete 360 degrees — and didn't hit anything. I just carried on. There were a lot of things going for me that day."

"Riccardo (Patrese) and I had different set-ups; I had a lot more downforce than him, especially on the rear wing. That meant at the beginning of the race, when the circuit was drying out, I had a lot of very, very bad understeer. The front tyres were completely finished after six or seven laps."

"So, every lap, I was asking the same question — is it going to rain? Is it going to rain? In the end, I could not wait any longer; there was no rubber

left on the front tyres, so I had to come in. The circuit was still dry and I was watching Senna on different parts of the circuit and he was catching me (after he had made his stop to take on slick tyres). So I decided I had to change to slicks even though I was all set up for the rain. Then I did five or six laps — and the rain came."

"I stopped again, but this time I stopped at the right moment. I had the right tyres (wets) and the right set-up. Everyone else kept going longer on slicks in the hope that the rain would go away. It didn't."

"That, for me, was a very good pit stop, made just at the right time although we did have problems with the stop itself. The first time there was a problem with a wheel and, when I came in again, they started to fit another set of slicks. I said no, I wanted wets, so I lost a lot of time. Everything else went very well, and I was lucky."

So were the members of the media. At last there was something other than a McLaren victory to write about. And, into the bargain, here was a man who had just won his first Grand Prix. It's a very special moment for any driver — and it showed in the sparkle in Boutsen's eyes. But, now that the fuss has died down, just what did that result mean to him?

"I've got a place in the record book by winning the race — but that's all. Psychologically, it means nothing at all. I've never looked upon winning one race as being a big goal. One is not enough. I want to win 10, 15, 20

races. I really want to achieve that and the first one is just the beginning. "But, having said that, it was a lovely feeling; really nice. It reminded me of how good that feeling can be. Don't forget, the last time I had won a race was at Spa in 1986, in Group C."

"As you can imagine, the people at home got quite excited about my Grand Prix win. I flew my own plane to Canada and, when I got back to Brussels, I arrived unexpectedly and landed at a private part of the airport. It was one o'clock in the morning and there were over 20 people waiting — radio, television and so on."

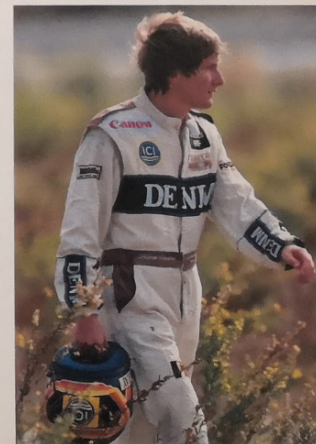
It would also be true to say that Thierry Boutsen did not expect to receive such a major physical setback to his season when he crashed during testing at the Rio autodrome in March. The suspension failed on his Williams and sent him careering into the barrier at 125mph. It was a shock to his system in more ways than one, as he recalls:

"I had worked very hard during the winter to be very, very fit. I wasn't injured as such but an impact like that throws your whole metabolism out. I had also had one or two internal problems. It hurt my spine and when, for instance, I had an accident during the race at Hockenheim and was pushed off the road and went backwards into the tyre barrier, it hurt badly and I was quite stiff after that."

"But the main thing about the Rio shunt was that I lost all my energy. It took me two months to recover

When FW13 came for the Iberian races, there was the occasional walk home...

(John Townsend)



MAURICE HAMILTON





At speed in the FW12C - used for longer this year than Thierry might have liked.

(Dominique Leroy)

completely from that. I was tired all the time. Even after 10 hours sleep, I was tired in the morning. Tired all day. No vitality; no energy.

"Generally, there was a lack of aggression and punch because I felt as I did all the time. But, once I was sitting in the car I just forgot about all that and the adrenalin kept me going and I could really go for it. But it was very difficult otherwise.

"I hadn't really recovered until Monaco. It was a shame because I would have been in much better form in Rio and Imola. I have completely recovered now but I lost a lot at the beginning of the season; a bit of energy, lost opportunities and results. I'm not too happy about that."

Certainly, the win in Canada helped to erase the frustration caused by such a difficult start to the season. But, when it comes to assessing your career as a whole, Thierry follows the familiar pattern of not rating that drive particularly highly when compared with others which did not even bring a place on the rostrum.

Boutsen cites his drive at Jerez last year as a good example.

"I thought I had a good race in Spain," he says. "I had a bit of a coming-together with Capelli at the first corner, lost my front wing, came into the pits and started my race almost one lap behind but five seconds in front of Prost, who was leading. And I finished the race 25 seconds in

front of Prost. I went quicker than anyone on that day and, although I finished ninth, I thought that was a good race.

"But, in some respects, the victory in Montreal was even better because the conditions were so bad. I must have lost the car 15 or 20 times; you know, aquaplaning, just lost it completely. Every lap towards the end was win or crash. There is a lot of satisfaction to be had from just finishing on a day like that. And it was the same at Spa this year, when I finished fourth. The difference was that Senna, Prost and Mansell, who were ahead of me at Spa, all retired in Canada!"

There is no question that the McLaren-Honda MP4/5 was superior to the Williams-Renault FW12C but, even so, the Canon-sponsored car has been surprisingly quick at times, a fact which Thierry confirms.

"Yes, I'm surprised that the Williams was basically so competitive because the car was last year's chassis. At some places it was not competitive at all and at other places, it was still quite good. And I'm surprised that the new Benetton is not better. Really, when you think about it, that car ought to be as quick as the McLaren — and it isn't."

So, is Thierry convincing himself that he made the right move by leaving Benetton and joining Williams?

"Well, first of all, Williams has always been a team that I've admired very

much. Since the beginning of my career, I've always wanted to drive for them. And it just happened that it was possible one day to do that. I was sure that the future with Williams looked better than at Benetton. There was the association with Renault, the new car, all those things.

"The Renault engine may not be the most powerful yet, but they do know how to make a good engine. And you have to remember that the engine is

What about a nice cup of something on the terrace? Thierry and Patricia at home in Monaco.

(Sporting Pictures)



From one cockpit to another - but there's slightly more room in the Cheyenne!

(LAT)



Reflecting on the latest business proposal...

(Sporting Pictures)

just over one year old, so it's very good when you consider that. They are progressing all the time. Every time we go testing, there are new things on the engine. It's impressive and I've never experienced that before with an engine manufacturer."

Thierry, of course, had experience of both Cosworth and BMW engines during his stay with Arrows, the team which gave him his first drive in Formula One. He stayed for almost four seasons. Should he have moved sooner?

"I had absolutely no choice. I was stuck there and I think I stayed one year too many. I should have gone to Benetton one year earlier but the problem was that I would have needed to buy myself out of my Arrows contract and I had absolutely no money to do that. I was also hoping that the new Arrows would be better — but it was a disaster. So, sometimes, you have to spend a year in places where you don't want to be.

"Having said that, Arrows was the perfect place for me to start in Formula One. The first year (1983) was good, the second year was not so good, the third year was very good but, after that, I was stuck and couldn't leave."

Boutsen's move to Benetton in 1987 was justified by several stirring performances, notably in Mexico, where he led a Grand Prix for the first time — and looked very comfortable with it.

"Yes," he recalls, "the car that day was very good and I felt completely in control. There was no sense of panic because I was leading; I was

really comfortable out there, pulling away. It was easy. The engine was very good but then it was just another of those typical Benetton little problems; the car stopped because of a short-circuit in the dashboard. I would have won easily. Shame."

Thierry retreats to Monte Carlo after each race even though he retains a home in Belgium, now used purely as a stop-over or a place of business when necessary. Monte Carlo provides convenience and the sort of privacy where a Grand Prix driver can go running without being noticed.

"I keep fit by going running with Mr. Senna," says Thierry. "I see him and Gerhard Berger from time to time. We get in touch as much as we can but, as you can imagine, it's very

difficult. They arrive as I'm flying off to go testing, and so on.

"I have a Piper Cheyenne. You have to concentrate hard when flying but it takes the attention away from motor racing. I think it's important to have something else in your life other than racing. You need a pop-off valve! As it is, it takes two days to recover, mentally and physically, from a Grand Prix.

"I generally try and relax and, on the second day, go jogging just a little bit to try and get rid of all the tension that you still have. Then you start to build up your fitness again for the next race. The previous weekend is history. And the way things have been going for me this year, I'm usually glad about that!" □

Some you win...

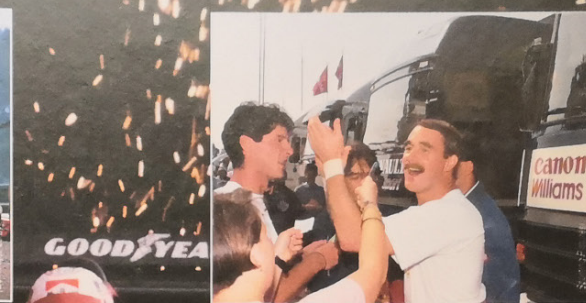
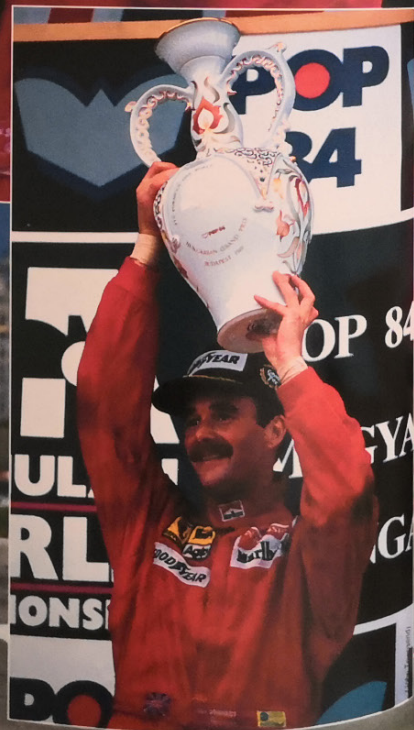
(Keith Sutton)





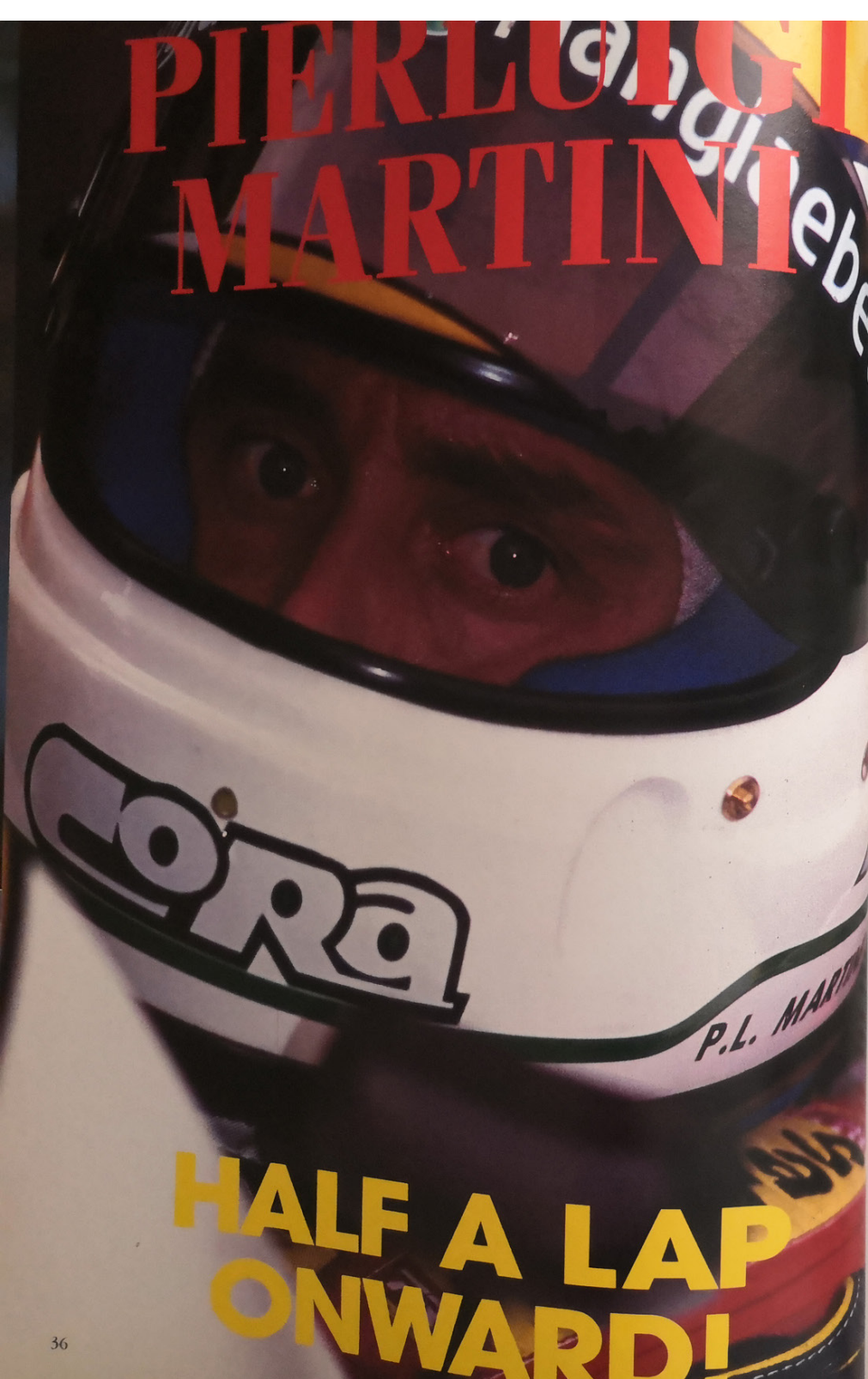
# MANSELL'S

# MOMENTS



The Portuguese Grand Prix (above left) was the first blot on a 1989 season in which Nigel Mansell and Ferrari seemed made for each other. Brilliant in Brazil (opposite bottom, main picture), second at Silverstone (opposite top, main picture), hero in Hungary (opposite bottom right), he also found a new team-mate for 1990, applauded the Italian fans, and made sparks in Monaco. Mansell's moments gave much of the magic to a season that turned sour...





Above: Brilliant drive in Portugal: fifth on the grid, fifth in the race too.  
Below: Centre of attention: Piero post-race in Portugal.

(Above) Pascal Rondel  
(Below) John Townsend

**A**midst all the Mansell-Senna ballyhoo in Estoril, one small but significant race statistic escaped attention. Pierluigi Martini, driving a Minardi, led the race. For half a lap only, maybe: but the feat was indicative of Martini's progress in 1989, as he and Minardi mature together into an effective racing force. Time to find out what has made the difference...

"First of all, we have done a great deal of work together — me, my engineers, my team. Race after race this year, we have done better, and for me it is important to have the feeling that we are on an upward curve."

*Piero is no Formula One newcomer: his debut came back in 1985, also for Minardi, but that first stay was short-lived. What differences are there since his return?*

"Everything had changed. Back in 1985 we had a turbo engine; I was very young, as was the team in Formula One terms. I had all kinds of problems, it was just not possible to work on the car. It was not possible to have a teammate, either: I was alone — the whole problem with Minardi was the driver!"

"So I went back to Formula 3000 with a Pavesi Ralt, and in 1986 I was runner-up in the Championship to

Ivan Capelli. I found the right mental attitude for racing again. After that '85 season I had lost my motivation. But my friendship with Giancarlo Minardi was strong then, and in '88 Minardi called me back. What I found on my return was a good team: better, more experienced — and Martini was also more experienced. My whole situation inside the team was much better. Of course we had a great start when I rejoined the team in Detroit and scored my first-ever point — and the first for the Minardi team.

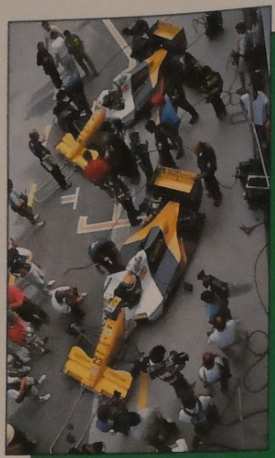
"I also rediscovered one of my Formula 3000 teammates in Luis Perez Sala, and together we have done a great deal of work on the Grand Prix car, with the results we are starting to see."

*Shortly before the Portuguese Grand Prix Piero announced he was staying with Minardi. What factors influenced that decision?*

"I always wanted to stay here, if they could put a strong technical programme in front of me. Giancarlo Minardi is a good manager, very







Left: Centre of attention: Minardi - attractive cars, marisous (Alipio: Pascal Rondeau) results in recent weeks. (Spotting Pictures)  
 Right: A man with a new appetite for his work! (Spotting Pictures)  
 Below: Pirelli's progress has accelerated Piero's. (Spotting Pictures)

from the point of view of all-round experience. We have a lot of drivers coming through in Italy just now — Italian Formula Three is very competitive, the Italian economy is strong and drivers find it easier to raise budgets — but England is an essential part of a driver's education, I think."

**Fifth at Silverstone, Piero looked forward to the last few races of the season — all, except Suzuka, on slower tracks that might suit the Minardi M189 — as good hunting-grounds for more points. So it turned out...**

"Yes, Portugal was another very good race for us. Fifth on the grid, and same position in the race. It was the fruit of eight or nine months' collaboration between me, the Minardi team and Pirelli, who provided excellent tyres for qualifying especially. Of course we still have a lot to do — you can always do better — but it was a lovely way to celebrate staying in this team. Next time I hope to lead for a bit more than half a lap..."

"Of the slow circuits, Jerez is the one I like best — and it showed when I took my best-ever grid position, fourth after being on the front row at the end of the first day. Sadly I had a spin in the race, couldn't engage reverse gear to get going again, and that was that. In any case I had destroyed my front tyres after 20 laps of fighting to keep up



with the leaders anyway, so I don't know what might have happened.

**Elsewhere in this issue the topic of friendship between drivers arises — and is dismissed as impossible. Does Piero have time for friendships?**

"Yes, I have to feel I can enjoy being out of the car as well as in it. In Sala is my best friend, but there is also Sandro Nannini and some of the others — and I have great respect for all professional drivers, of whom there are many in Formula One. Away from the circuits, when I can find a day off physical training or looking after my PR, I relax with a game of golf. I started in Phoenix where we went for the first time this year, and now I play whenever I can. It's so quiet... I hope to win a Formula One in the near future — maybe even a few years — and I am being patient. Like everyone should I drive to win, and now I believe I can look forward to having the car that will let me win. But in every Grand Prix, I learn..."

### F1 PROFILE PIERLUIGI MARTINI

Born: April 23, 1961  
 Nationality: Italian  
 First G.P.: Brazil 1985 (Minardi)  
 G.P. teams: Toleman (1984), Minardi (1985, 1988—)  
 G.P.s contested: 38 (including Spanish GP '89)  
 Best result: 5th, Britain and Portugal 1989  
 European F3 Champion 1983



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# JEAN ALESI



## THE NEW MUSKETEER

BY JOHNNY RIVES OF L'EQUIPE

**A**t the 1989 French Grand Prix two Frenchmen, Eric Bernard and Jean Alesi, both 25, made their Formula One debuts. Right in the midst of the Formula 3000 Championship of which they were the leading lights, along with the Donnelly — who was also called up to the ranks of the big boys that same day, along with Emanuele Pirro. 14th, 15th and 16th. The Irishman was the only one to do better than his teammate, Cheever. Bernard and Alesi were about a second off Alliot and Palmer respectively.

Bernard was driving a Lola-Lamborghini in Dalmas's place, and both the Larrousse team and the Italian engine supplier were looking for their first decent showing.

Alesi had been called up by Ken Tyrrell as Alboreto's replacement. His was the most low-key position among the four new boys. Who would have thought he would be the revelation of the year? Jean Alesi came off best of all by taking fourth place. Triumph? Good luck? Accident? Jean had come out of the second start remarkably well — tenth on the first lap. On the next he was ninth after passing Gachot, and running behind Palmer in the other Tyrrell. He followed him for seventeen laps then got the better of him and went away slowly and surely. Then he came up on Alliot, whose engine was fading, Berger and Patrese stopped for tyres, then Boutsen.

As he passed the pit, Alesi could see P.4 on the board. The only ones left in front were Prost, Nannini and Capelli. The two Italians retired headed by Prost, Jean was in front of Patrese and Mansell — in P.2! Until he too stopped for tyres, the last to do so. He only lost two places, and finished fourth on the same lap as the winner.

Ken Tyrrell resisted the temptation to be carried away. He was right, too three weeks later Ken was forced to ask the following question: "Why do you have so many spins?" After his startling debut in France, Alesi had been brought down to earth at Silverstone and Hockenheim. He had prouetted into retirement in England, and in Germany, despite two more spins, he came home a modest tenth — two laps behind Senna.

Alesi didn't have to think too long before replying: "I'm trying too hard. When a McLaren or a Ferrari laps me, I try to push." Ken retorted that he should be keeping his place instead of putting it at risk. After a silence

Alesi promised him, "I won't have any more spins. I've got the message." At Monza the young Frenchman was fifth, the first V8 behind Prost's McLaren, Berger's Ferrari and the two Williams. In Spain he took fourth place, getting his Tyrrell in amongst the multi-cylinders, Patrese having to settle for a finish behind him after two tyre stops. Between times Alesi had secured the F3000 Championship. He was ready to devote himself 100% to Formula One, in which with 8 points from six Grands Prix, he was ninth behind Nelson Piquet.

This young man with a friendly look is from Avignon in Provence where his Sicilian-born father, Frank, settled at the start of the Sixties. A brave hard-working man — and one who loves cars. Frank, who was a coach builder, eventually set up his own workshop before turning to competition — rallies and hillclimbs. He began modestly enough with a Vespa 400, a tiny two-seater, and ended up in a Camaro that Jean remembers well after accompanying his father so often between the age of 8 and 12.

"For me a real racing car was a big machine with enclosed bodywork, like the Camaro. Best of all were the Porsche 935's. I didn't like single-seaters, for me they didn't count."

Jean Alesi started in karts in 1981 before he was seventeen. He was encouraged by one of his young Avignon friends, Philippe Gache, whose father had also taken part in hillclimbs. Jean did karting for two years in the least expensive "blue" category. Seven wins from 20 races in the first year: "In the second I won just about everything."

In 1983 pure chance led him to go in for Marlboro's Find a Driver competition. He had just passed his driving test and was third behind Dalmas and Bertapelle in the regional final at the Paul Ricard circuit. The experience made him hungry for more. His father did not discourage him, quite the opposite. They asked advice from their friend Edmond Simon, who had long been preparing cars for Ragnotti. "Jean should go in for the R5 Elf Cup", was Simon's advice. "I would prepare his engines, and Frank, you would look after the chassis."

Alesi senior put Alesi junior in charge of his own car in a corner of the workshop and that is how, at 19, Jean Alesi was lucky enough to travel the length and breadth of France from circuit to circuit with a small truck loaded up with a racing Renault 5 pulling a caravan that was his home. In the races he boldly took on



experienced drivers and finished seventh in the 1983 Renault Elf Cup, with a victory at Nogaro. That win made him set his sights higher — on single-seaters, for which circuit racing had finally given him a taste. How to go about it? By the surest route, the one followed by Tambay, Pironi, Prost and so many others in France: the Winfield School.

Jean Alesi got through to the final where he came up against Eric Bernard and Bertrand Gachot. And was beaten. Bernard had spun during his five laps but was so brilliant on the other four that the jury gave him a second chance. Next time round Bernard beat Alesi's best time. Alesi, too, was given a second go but fared less well than on his first attempt. Bernard took the trophy, Jean Alesi was second — and his dad threw a wobbly. Jean Alesi's image as a malcontent was launched.

Despite that failure he raced in Formula Renault in 1984 with his father's backing of course. Dalmas took the title. For Jean, it was not a

Number one spot in the near future?

(Sporting Pictures)

Spain '89: after a mighty scrap with the Brabham, Alesi's Tyrrell was back in the points again

(Sporting Pictures)

"Tell me, Jean, why do you keep having all these spins?" Ken's point was quickly made

(Sporting Pictures)





As French champion, Jean was invited to Donington for the F3000 Marlboro driver competition with Weidler, Schneider, Gachot, Donnelly, Bertaggia and Chiesa. He beat Weidler and

What a change in a year: F3000 Champion, a revelation in Formula One... and he can speak English! "One of my strengths is that I've got no complexes", he says with utter simplicity. Which is why he didn't blush when Ken Tyrrell asked for an explanation of all those spins. Or when, after thirteen laps of bitter

combat in the Spanish Grand Prix, he got the drop on Martin Brundle. Getting past was so difficult that Alesi only just kept his Tyrrell on the track, and Brundle tried to overtake him again on the inside. Quite unimpressed by his rival's reputation and experience, Alesi, pushing him towards the grass, let him know he was in no hurry to let go of the place he had just worked so hard to take. Highly motivated he may be, but Jean Alesi is not without humility: "I'm no Prost", is his firm rejoinder to those who are already making comparisons. "Alain has been World Champion twice with thirty-nine Formula One wins. I'm a beginner; I've a long way to go before you can compare me to him." Such modesty won't stop anyone believing Alesi is launched on a remarkably successful career. With his freshness, simplicity and combative temperament, he reminds you of those heroes of Alexandre Dumas, the three Musketeers: a good heart and a streak of toughness. Two essentials for success in racing - and for winning over the public. ■

It may look easy, but the strain is there...

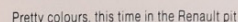
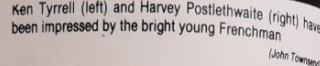
WIRED

**BY DAN KNUTSON**

You will usually find them working at the banks of computers located behind the Lola Lamborghini pit. Together they run the Bosch telemetry and data acquisition by cable systems which monitor every function and parameter of the Lamborghini V12 engine.

"All this is not to hurt the driver," Carducci says, "it is to help the driver. You will see Philippe Alliot is always at the computer after every practice session. He wants to see how many revs he is doing, what gears he is using, where he is shifting..."

Telemetry is data acquisition by radio. The black box - the Electronic Control Unit (ECU) - on the car collects all the engine information and stores it on a memory card.







Down to earth measurement in the Williams pit.

There is a transmitter on the car which transmits the data from the car to an antenna on the roof of the pits. From there the data is fed down to the computer in the pit garage. Back to Bernard Dudot: "The black box weighs about a kilo and is about the size of three cigarette packets. It is located above the fuel tank, just behind the driver's head. The antenna for transmitting radio information is under the front bodywork, above the pedals. Passing through a laser beam triggers off data transmission. This fictional line is produced by a laser barrier emitted from the pit wall. Bursts of data are received on a relay set up on top of the pits, which then sends them to the processing computer. We have one screen for each car to allow rapid visualisation, with a printer beside it for hard copies."

Data acquisition by cable: "When the car comes into the pits," Carducci says, "we take this little black box we call a reader and we plug it into the car. It goes directly into the ECU and in about five seconds all the data is transferred. In that time about 4 million bits of information go from the ECU to the reader. Then we insert the reader into the computer, and in another five to six seconds we can have all the information stored on our hard disc. That's data acquisition by cable."

What engine data is collected? As Haberkern says - whatever you want to see. Enter the potentiometer. This is a device which can measure mechanical movement and translate it into an electronic signal. For example, there is a potentiometer hooked to the throttle slides on the Lamborghini

engine which measures, in effect, what the driver's right foot is doing on the accelerator pedal.

"In principle, with a potentiometer it is possible to measure all movements," Haberkern says, "for example the suspension."

Currently, however, the system measures only the functions of the Lamborghini V12. Other teams have systems with which they watch the movements of the suspension, dampers and other chassis functions.

Other electronic devices sensor temperatures, pressures etc.

"We are watching a lot of temperatures which are important for the engine's function - water, oil, fuel temperature," Haberkern says. "We usually watch 15 different temperatures. For example we monitor four exhaust gas temperatures which give you a readout of the fuel mixture the engine is running with. Our system is basically set up to control a 12 cylinder engine into four three-cylinder banks."

"We also watch intake temperature, the gearbox oil temperature, the ECU electronic control unit (black box) temperature, injection time; spark advance..."

And there is more.

Carducci: "We measure the engine speed (rpms), the throttle position and the wheel speed - which is the actual vehicle speed."

"We measure four atmospheric pressures. For example, we can sense the pressure inside the airduct above the air inlet trumpets on the engine. We can correct the fuel injection timing for the changing pressures."

"Then we have two Lambda sensors which measure the mixture of exhaust gases. We use that to measure engine

combustion. We have what we call a blow-by sensor: it measures the crank case pressure (blow-by) inside the engine.

It is a good sign of the quality of the piston rings and the quality of the engine.

"We have in addition, DARAB Input channels that can be used directly into the DARAB - a Data Recording, Analysing and Control unit. This gives us an additional 13 inputs that permit us to measure and display anything we want."

"We monitor fuel pressure and we can correct the fuel injection time for the variable changes in the fuel pressure. We also use engine and gearbox oil pressure sensors."

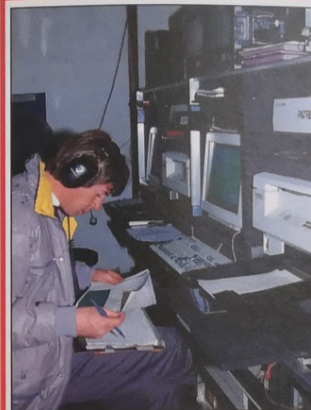
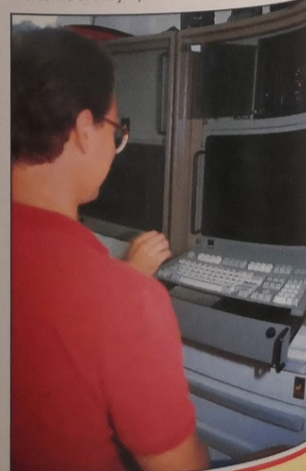
"Inside the ECU we have an automatic function that calculates fuel consumption. So we can tell, for example, when we change wing angles if the fuel consumption was better."

The list goes on. The computer has the capacity to measure whatever engine function they select.

"To give an example of how powerful such an electronic system is," Haberkern says, "at 12,000 rpm an engine turns 200 times a second. That means that in each second each piston is going up and down 200 times. A second! During one rotation of the crankshaft of a 12 cylinder engine, you have ignition (a spark plug firing during the power stroke of the piston) six times and injection (the fuel intake stroke of the piston) six times."

"Now take this engine rotation of one second and divide it by 200. This gives you five-thousandths of a second. And within this 5/1000ths of a second we have ignition six times and

Peaks and troughs: the Lamborghini screens trace the ups and downs of every lap



Eyes down - but system sees everything

injection six times. That means the time gap between the one firing and the next is eight-hundred millionths of a second. And within this time the system is able to read in, calculate and then control. We know that our system will work up to 18,000 rpm because that is the current maximum speed of our electronics test bench." Bosch developed this particular telemetry system. The Porsche Indy Car project also uses a Bosch telemetry system which is an older generation of the setup used by Lamborghini.

All this information is stored in the computer. By pushing a couple of keys, Haberkern and Carducci can display any combination of the data on the computer screen. The graph on the screen can show up to eight functions (in eight different colours) at one time.

To an outsider, the coloured graphs are meaningless and might represent anything. It could be contrasting the popcorn eating habits between England and Bolivia. To Carducci and Haberkern, however, the graphs tell the story of their Lamborghini engines through a race.

Carducci punched some buttons and a graph appeared. "We can have full race on one screen," he said. "This is Portugal. That's the warm-up lap, the start, the finish. You can see any combination of the things we talked about earlier. We can enlarge it to look at one lap. Here you can see the throttle is fully open, here it is closed. This is a third/fourth/fifth shift..."

Haberkern and Carducci rarely see their cars racing during a Grand Prix. But, through telemetry, they know exactly what is happening.

"You can," Haberkern says, "for example, immediately see if you have a smooth or bumpy track surface. Portugal is so bumpy. The revs are measured thirty times an engine rotation. We are very, very precise. You can immediately see if you have rev shocks (peaks on the graph), and these rev shocks are normally the result of a rough surface."

During prequalifying in Spain Michele Alboreto's Lola suddenly stopped. Back in the pits the computer immediately showed a drop in battery voltage, indicating an electrical problem. The problem turned out to be a wire which had been broken and shorted out the electrical system. Another example of watching the car's progress through telemetry is the fuel consumption. The computer tells them how much fuel is left in the car's tank. It also says how much fuel is being consumed each lap, and how many 'laps of fuel' remain in the tank. In the car, the screen on the instrument panel tells the driver how many laps he can go until he runs out of fuel. So, if he passes the pits and the pit board tells him he has 57 laps to go and the screen in the car says 58 laps to empty, then he knows he can take it to the chequered flag.

Entered in the computer are the ideal values of each function. For example, maximum water temperature and minimum oil pressure. Four times each second the system on the car measures the actual temperatures,

pressures etc. and the telemetry system transmits the information to the computer in the pits. These 'actual figures' are shown in parentheses next to the ideal numbers. So by comparing the two numbers one can see how well the engine is performing.

The condition of the gearbox is also monitored.

All this is a long way from the average 'econobox' street car: If you are lucky, your road car will have a water temperature gauge with a blue dot on the left and a red dot on the right. And you will have a row of idiot lights which will flash when a problem has already occurred.

The telemetry system in Formula One, of course, means more than just knowing every movement and function of the engine and displaying it on pretty graphs. In closing, Haberkern sums up the benefit of telemetry and data acquisition by cable.

"For a high-tech Formula One system," he says, "it is really essential that you have all the readouts. Out of the readouts you can analyse, and then you can transfer this readout into a technical advantage."

Or, in Bernard Dudot's words, "Telemetry is not just a buzz word, it is a genuine revolution. Telemetry is a remote x-ray of an engine, done by continuous analysis of the essential parameters: a photograph of its behaviour."



Drivers spy on the screens, too...

(Bernard Asset/ Renault)





# BIG MAN IN F1:

## JEAN-PIERRE VAN ROSSEM

By Timothy Collings



This is the first in a series of features looking at the new breed of Formula One team owners, men of high financial and commercial acumen who see Grand Prix racing as just a piece in the jig-saw of their international and worldwide game plans. They are men as different from Enzo Ferrari or Colin Chapman as Ruud Gullit or Bryan Robson are from Tom Finney or Stanley Matthews. For them the racing is virtually a sideshow from the real work of the weekend — the continuation of their profiteering and their success. Some of the new owners love the sport. Some do not. All would agree, however, that it is an ideal vehicle for marketing their companies. And other people's companies. To them, Formula One is the fastest form of advertising in the world. Jean Pierre van Rossem, the Belgian owner of the Moneytron-Onyx team, is the first man to be featured — and the first to admit that his chief motive in Grand Prix racing is profit.

Jean-Pierre van Rossem, self-confessed anarchist, collector of Ferraris, extraordinary and highly-successful businessman and 44-year-old father, cuts an unlikely but highly-recognisable figure in the Formula One paddocks around the world. He is of average height, has long grey hair, a long grey beard, a penchant for wearing racing drivers' shoes, is vastly, indeed grossly, overweight and wears tinted spectacles. He owns the Moneytron-Onyx Grand Prix racing team.

In his first year in Formula One, van Rossem has helped to guide Onyx from obscurity to fame, to establish them among the coming forces in the future of the world's most spectacular sport and to raise the team's profile far higher than the level usually sought by those unsung outfits making up the numbers at the back end of the grid.

And yet he remains an enigma. A man surrounded by rumour and counter-rumour whose wealth has required him to attend certain races on the Formula One calendar attended by a trio of well-trained bodyguards. The sort who carry ironmongery under their jackets. For van Rossem, his chosen sport is a passport to a strange sort of satisfaction, an opportunity to relive and improve on past personal excursions into motor racing and a way of publicising himself and his company while at the same time continuing to make a healthy profit.

Born in 1945, he left home when he was only 17 with very little money of his own to try and make his own way in the world. He gained a place at Ghent University to study Economics and Mathematics and, after graduating, went to post-graduate studies in North America, finally obtaining a



Opposite: Big man in a small world: M. van Rossem. (Sporting Pictures)  
Opposite Below: Big splash at the London launch, Spring 88. (F1)  
Left: Short-lived Belgian partnership Jean-Pierre van Rossem sacked Bertrand Gachot before Portugal. (F1)  
Below: But he's put a smile back on Stefan Johansson's face. (Sporting Pictures)

PhD and settling into a new role as a writer of books on economics.

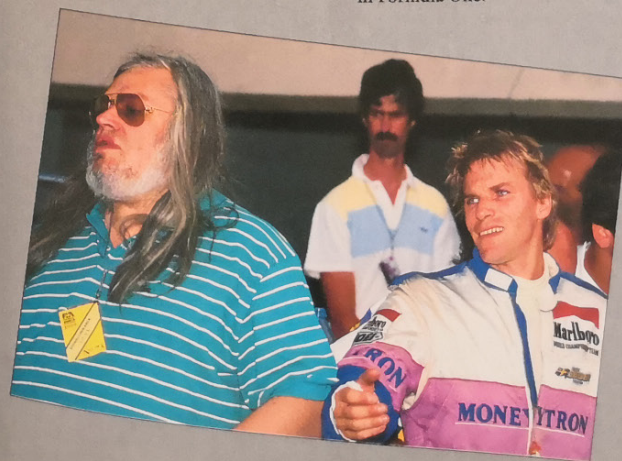
In 1967, he began work on an econometric system, based on mathematics and statistics, designed to predict economic trends. This was the Moneytron model which, after 1.6 million man hours of work involving a team of mathematicians and economists, was created to predict currency rates, commodity prices and share values. It uses 248 economic and political variables, but has proved to be hugely successful.

Dr. van Rossem had already become a successful businessman in his own right by 1987 when the Moneytron model came on stream as a financial advisory service and performed so spectacularly his former achievements were to be dwarfed immediately. The successes were almost unbelievable and helped in the creation of the current Moneytron-Onyx team, a logical interest for van Rossem to follow as he had raced in Belgian Formula Three in the 1960's himself and knew well the promotional possibilities offered to his own company in Formula One.

The link between van Rossem, economic miracle-worker, and the ambitious but financially-stretched Onyx team — then owned by Paul Shakespeare — came about via Belgian driver Bertrand Gachot, since dispensed with by the team. Van Rossem recalled: "I heard Gachot was looking for a budget for Formula One. He told me what he was looking for. He said he was bound to a team and his contract stipulated that he had to bring sponsors for a total of 100 million Belgian Francs to the team to get the drive."

"That was an impossible thing to do. So, I wanted to meet the team's directors. They were desperate. The English owner was Paul Shakespeare. He was in property and everything in the team was financed. The team had no money. It only had a little over two million dollars and appeared to be bankrupt before the season started. "So, I made them a proposal. People who have nothing to lose are more likely to take chances. I proposed they invest their money in my system, but warned them it was not used to small fortunes. But they were very lucky because within three weeks they had 9.5 million dollars... They re-invested five into the system and we discussed the future of the team. I made a new offer: I would invest £2.5 million and would take all the shares in my name."

"Our goal was to invest via Moneytron and to make the team one of the biggest in Formula One — the equivalent of McLaren and Ferrari. Now the team is growing and we have our plans — to have our wind tunnel near the factory, to make our own chassis, to expand and to have our own test track probably in the South of France. As for engines, it will probably be Porsche... I have to repeat our aim is to be big in Formula One. When I do something, I do it 100 percent. We will succeed — believe me."







Above: Johansson en route to the rostrum in Estoril (Sporting Pictures)  
Left: "Strange-looking", maybe, but attractive enough! (Sporting Pictures)

How that success is to be measured, in cash or Grands Prix wins, remains to be seen, but any betting man fancying a wager would be wise to conclude that Onyx are likely winners within three years and championship contenders within five or six. It is in the nature of van Rossem's character that this is so.

"I wish to have a car that can win, say, in two years. That would be okay. I have always been a winner in business and I wish to be a winner here too in Formula One. It will not be easy of course and it will cost me a lot of money - probably about 50 million dollars for engines with Porsche alone. Much is going to depend on the backing I can get from my Belgian sponsors.

"I am not optimistic about it or the future or anything. I am not like that. I am realistic. And if it all falls through and we cannot get the motors we want - Porsche - then I am ready to sell my shares immediately. That is for sure. It is my plan to be a winning owner. Not just an owner. We have a car here at Onyx with a really great chassis and a lot of potential. We have good drivers. What we need is the motor. The power.

"People say I know nothing, but I have been in motor racing before myself. I was involved in the 1960's in some endurance racing and so on. I did not have the money in those days to have a really good car and I ran a Lotus Elan in the Belgian Sportscar Championships. It was a very nice car, but it did not have enough horsepower. Only 1600cc. It was not enough to beat the big prototypes like the Fords and so on." Van Rossem's experiences and ambitions have not affected his attitudes to life. He admits he is a "strange-looking guy" and is annoyed by

insinuations that his money-making methods may owe their success to luck or other more devious qualities, but is open and bluntly honest too. "People say things about me. I know that," he said. "But it is only because I do not look like other people. It is not a matter of judgement, but a matter of appearance. I have been very annoyed by a lot of things written about me. People said I was a junkie and did time in prison. This was scandalous and really a disgrace. I have not exploited anyone to earn my money and they are all just jealous. That is all. That and my appearance and the fact I'm not a conformist and have some anarchist ideas.

"They say this guy looks strange so they say he is not a good guy. So, of course, I am different from other team owners... I don't know them. None of them at all. I have never spoken to any one of them. To me that is not strange. This is a business and I try to do my job as well as possible and for me it is quite difficult because I have not always been in this sort of work.

"But I attend specifically to the financial aspects of the job and not the internal and technical problems of the team. These I hand over to other people like Mike Earle and Alan Jenkins. Alan is a great engineer who I consider will be the Barnard of the 1990's. He always says what he thinks too. He has a great talent."

Van Rossem clearly regards the Porsche deal as the key to his future in Formula One and his team's. "Only four teams could afford the deal," he said. "And they are gone already. McLaren have Honda, Williams have Renault, Ferrari have their own motor and Benetton have Ford. So, if we fail to land Porsche, it will mean that Porsche do not want to come back to

Formula One and that will be a big shame.

"Formula One is a big business now especially if you want to make publicity in it. Of course, if you are a team owner, the publicity will cost you nothing at all. But you hope you are earning money from it. For me, there have been no benefits in the first year. I have made millions of dollars for the team on the stock market, but I have invested personally more than five million dollars.

"So the benefits have to come in the following years. For example, if we have a successful deal with Porsche it will be easy to find other sponsors ...My motives? Profit is my first motive. The next is winning. Really, it should be only profit, because the profit is relatively small compared with money on the stock market... So, I should not spend much of my time in Formula One racing if it was only for profits."

Asked about the longer term and any possible thoughts of power within the Formula One administrative game, van Rossem had to smile as he answered. "Oh, no," he said. "It is so well controlled now by (Bernie) Ecclestone that nobody else can come in. No... well, maybe it could be possible to come in but only at a very high price. I don't agree with it. But I don't want any wars with him. The only thing is that I don't like to see the way he needs to make his money out of the poor devils of the public paying for everything. I cannot agree with that."

And so this man who collects Ferraris and toy trains, who takes calls from the Sultan of Brunei as easily as the rest of us call the office, ended his discourse on Onyx, Moneytron and Formula One to return to the pits where his bulk still attracts looks of sheer wonder from passers-by. Next year, with reasonable luck, the wonder may turn to awe. ■



## 1990 MOTOR RACING CALENDAR

Le Mans 24 Hours	Le Mans	June 16/17
United States GP	Phoenix	March 11
Brazilian GP	TBN	March 25
San Marino GP	Imola	May 6
Monaco GP	Monte Carlo	May 27
Canadian GP	Montreal	June 10
Mexican GP	Mexico City	June 24
French GP	Paul Ricard	July 8
British GP	Silverstone	July 15
German GP	Hockenheim	July 29
Hungarian GP	Budapest	August 12
Belgian GP	Spa	August 26
Italian GP	Monza	September 9
Portuguese GP	Estoril	September 23
Spanish GP	Jerez	September 30
Japanese GP	Suzuka	October 21
Australian GP	Adelaide	November 4

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# RENÉE STREIFF



THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

Courage comes in elegant packages: Renée Streiff (PE)

by Stuart Sykes

"If I hadn't been there, my husband would have died." The statement is simple, not made for dramatic effect, only to underline the intensity of emotion that has raged in Renée Streiff since the March day when her husband Philippe's AGS crashed in Rio testing and left him paralysed. Since then, Renée Streiff has faced months of constant struggle: with medical personnel she feels did not do enough to help her husband straight away, with the fear that he might not survive his ordeal, with the knowledge that her two sons

aged six and three, could not comprehend the enormity of their father's situation - and with herself, through the doubt and lassitude that are part of any human response to tragedy. The year of living dangerously began as soon as the accident had happened. "At the Rio hospital where Philippe was taken, they left him on a stretcher in a room for seven hours. The medical team with responsibility for the test session was in Sao Paulo - 500 kilometres away - and there was an air strike. I told them to hire a plane, do whatever necessary, and I

would pay - just get those people there." As she waited, Renée went through the first stage of heartbreak. "I watched my husband becoming paralysed before my eyes. At one point he said, 'Oh God, what's happening to me, I can't feel my arms.' A bit later he said, 'Oh God, what's happening to me, I can't feel my legs.' The first question the medics from Sao Paulo asked was whether she realised how serious her husband's condition was. "I still don't know where I found the physical strength", she recalls, "but when I asked why they didn't get on

and do something about it and he answered that the equipment was in Sao Paulo, I literally picked him up off the floor, threw him against the wall and told them all to clear out and let me organise my own medical team."

The second brush with danger came shortly afterward. Having at last got a call through to Paris and the specialist Gerard Saillant, Renée was caught in a desperate dilemma. "I was in an office at the hospital, with the Brazilian surgeon telling me that if he didn't operate Philippe would be dead within the hour. At the same time, on the other end of the line, Saillant was ordering me on no account to let them operate. If I ever have cause to believe in Providence, it will be because at that very moment another doctor came in and asked me in French if it was Saillant I had on the line. He had worked under Saillant in Paris for a year. I just handed him the 'phone, and they carried out the operation with this man relaying everything on the telephone and taking his advice."

The next stage was for Saillant himself to fly out to Rio and assume control. But the next confrontation with danger was just around the corner. "Saillant told me all he was doing was trying to get Philippe into shape to bring him home. A special medical plane came for us, and at that point I was again faced - alone - with a decision I hope no-one else ever has to make. Saillant said to me, 'You must know that if we take off, there is one chance in two that your husband will not be alive when we get to Paris'. What was I to say?"

She opted to risk all on having Philippe home. "And every time we took off or landed - it was a small plane, so we had several stops - it was sheer hell: holding on to the drips, keeping him as stable and flat as possible, asking the pilots to avoid the turbulence...". Once back in Paris Renée was able to call on the administrative clout of their close friend Nicolas Sarkozy, mayor of Neuilly, whose wife is Corsican like Renée. A special motorcade was on hand at the airport to escort Philippe's ambulance - obliged to go no faster than 20 miles an hour for his safety - to the hospital.

Through weeks in a re-animation unit, and five months at the military Institution des Invalides in central Paris, danger was ever present. Renée at one point was convinced she was going to lose him: he lost 15 kilos off a frame that was already free of excess weight. "And there were all



Above: Famous face in French colours: Philippe in typical pose

Below: The ill-fated AGS with Philippe at the wheel

(Allsport/Andyass)  
(Sporting Pictures)

sorts of other problems: urinary infections, and a terrible time with bed sores - so bad that at one stage Philippe actually had to have a skin graft." When I went to Paris to see Philippe and Renée, the weight had been put back, and he had just left the Invalides for another rehabilitation centre west of the city where he will stay until a new apartment is fitted out.

If Philippe's life has been in the balance, his wife's has been a long and lonely battle. Though her appearance would never betray it, the toll has been terrible. "Psychologically it has been very hard. Philippe has made some progress, but so little, and so slowly... And there are so many other small problems that come crowding in. There have been periods of doubt, I admit it, periods of resignation; but then there are the

times when all you want to do is fight. I tell myself it's not possible that he will stay that way, I have to breathe into him the will to fight - for himself, for me, for our children." Romain and Thibaut Streiff have not been able to grasp what has happened. But there have been moments of intense danger for the children as well. "At one point Romain (six in December) came home and said to me, 'I'm terribly sad. I don't think Daddy loves us any more.' Of course I asked him how he could think such a thing. 'Well, he never takes us in his arms any more, never gives us a hug...' What am I, as a mother, to reply?"

Renée was also called to the school of her other son, three-year-old Thibaut. "Every lunchtime, they told me, they found Thibaut crying quietly







Just before it happened: Philippe in Rio, 1988  
(Sporting Pictures)

to himself. And when they asked why, he said, 'Mummy's never here, and I don't have a Daddy any more.' I'd been spending every day with Philippe, from 11 in the morning through to 11 at night, but I knew then I had to arrange things differently, spend more time with the boys, I have to be their mother, father, friend and confidante. But at the same time I draw such strength from them. Life has been so hard for the last seven months, but thankfully my children are there with their vitality and their love."

In all this time of crisis, what outside help has Renee been able to call on? Friends, first of all: "Even though I had to give up our home in Switzerland, where we had been for just under two years, and uproot the children again, it wasn't so hard, as Romain was reunited with all his school chums, and Thibaut was just at the stage of making them. And I've been thrown back upon a circle of friends I knew before."

Against that, however, was the utter loneliness of her situation at the time when she most needed support - immediately after Philippe's accident. As we spoke, in October, she had had no contact from FISA, (of which more later), even though Philippe was one of the drivers' representatives to the sport's governing body. And the Streiffs are in dispute with their principal insurance company, the national body that covers all French racing drivers, over the cost of the first help given to Philippe and of his repatriation: £30,000 in the first case and £50,000 in the latter. "They say I

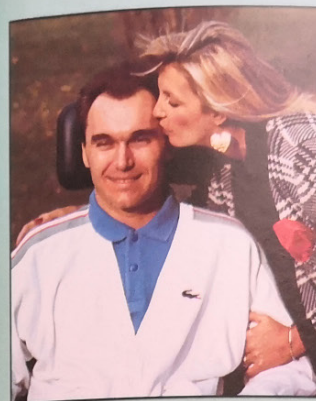
should have done it all through them", explains Renee, "but they weren't there, and nobody took the trouble to tell me what I must do." Some other drivers have rallied round. "Philippe Alliot was wonderful right at the start", she recalls. "He even offered to bring Thibaut home from Brazil for me. And Alain Prost came to my press conference at which I tried to make people aware of the need for greater attention to medical matters at the circuits, he took up the cudgels from his position as a great champion in the sport. I had been through absolute hell, I just wanted to make sure nobody else should have to. This is the pinnacle of the sport: they have no right to neglect such matters..."

Renee Streiff does not blame other drivers and other people in Formula One for not coming closer in her's and Philippe's time of need. "I think it is something psychological, and something I can understand: they can't afford to let themselves be touched by this kind of danger. But people have been kind: the AGS team, of course, and Benetton - and we had the loveliest letter from Luis Sala, who doesn't even know us very well, telling Philippe he wasn't forgotten, he must come back soon." Gabriele Tarquini, brought in to replace Philippe, called him from Monaco to ask his advice on setting up the car, and when it went so well that weekend, Tarquini called again to say Philippe's car - not his - was fantastic, and it was waiting for his return.

The first time Renee ventured back on to the Grand Prix scene was for their national race at Paul Ricard. "It was a real ordeal", she admits, "but I felt I had to do it for the sake of Philippe's sponsors. And when I went into the Tyrrell motor home (Philippe's former team), Ken and Nora were wonderful to me, so kind, so human - I just collapsed in Nora's arms." Frank Williams, himself so grievously injured in 1986, spent a lot of time with Renee that weekend and has offered to go and see Philippe in Paris.

Despite such evidence of kindness, though, Renee's attitude to Formula One has changed. "It's a very hard milieu, you know: when you're no longer in it, you're quickly forgotten. But you acquire a sense of true values where people are concerned. I've changed, and I believe Philippe has too. Yet you come out of it a better person; you have to become more aware of other things. Nowadays I attach much less importance to things that used to seem absolutely essential." Of crucial importance now is Renee's belief in the importance of the family unit - meaning Philippe, herself and their sons. It is to this unit she now intends Philippe to return, by Christmas if possible. "I have to get him out of the cocoon of hospital", she states fiercely, "get him back to his own environment, back to the bosom of his family - I have to stimulate him, shake him up and bring him back to life."

Where, then, does Philippe's frame of mind leave them now? As I walked



Out and about: with Renee at the rehabilitation centre at Menucourt, west of Paris  
(PEI)

in, he was showing pictures of his children to one of the nurses, swapping notes and compliments. If there were one or two bleak comments - goodness knows that is understandable - there were flashes of a sense of humour, too. As the dietician listed the delights of the next week's menu, Philippe asked her to stop. "No point in going any further than Sunday", he twinkled, "Stuart and I are leaving for the Japanese Grand Prix on Monday..." Again in deference to his Scottish visitor, he asked what the English translation of "petits pois" might be. Duly instructed, he requested "Peas, please" for next day's vegetable and promised to eat them off the back of the fork, as the English do...

Best of all, however, was his response to a major step in his progress: the fitting-out of his wheelchair. At one stage this move from his horizontal position to the upright posed grave problems. "He had been on his back for so long", says Renee, "that even the slightest inclination would provoke giddiness and nausea. But what was worse was that the sight and feel of the wheelchair made him fully aware that he was handicapped, and it was something he was not keen to face."

That afternoon, however, Philippe not only consented to come outside for some pictures, he spent longer in the wheelchair - the latest in a series they had tried - than ever before. There was a joke there, too, from the man who was the tallest driver in Formula One. "Same as when I was racing - I could never fit into the damned seat!"

Still, the reality of his situation is hard to confront: "What I regret most is that 1989 had been looking so good. A fortnight before the accident AGS was taken over by a friend of mine, Cyrille de Rouvre, who injected new funds and gave the team a new structure with a mutual friend, Henri Cochin, as manager. We had done the 1988 season on a shoestring, but AGS had ambitious plans; and in '88 we had managed to prequalify my car, which meant we were starting from a good base point. Sadly, I wasn't able to put it all into practice..."

But since recovering some of his capacities Philippe has been advising AGS, trying to act as the link between the 'old' team and the new regime. As we talked in his hospital room, there were calls from journalist friends, and one from Gerard Larrousse asking Philippe's advice of some changes of personnel in his own team. "I hope to stay in the Formula One milieu", is Philippe's own defiant declaration. "If I do have the luck to recover, it won't be to drive - because I won't get back 100% of my capacities, and as everyone knows you need to be functioning at 120% to be a Grand Prix driver! But as Frank Williams has proved, you can still be active in Formula One even with a severe handicap; and in any case I hope to throw it off: I have to fight to recover as far as possible."

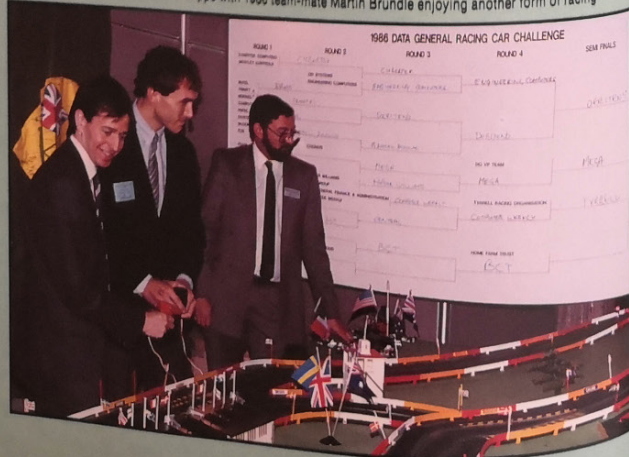
This is the kind of talk Renee wants to hear. "I will not give my children a pitiful image of their father, I want

him with us, I want them to have a Daddy who can impose order, give them advice: this is where he belongs." The plan is for Philippe to keep his office in the AGS premises in Paris while also operating as sponsorship advisor to up-coming drivers.

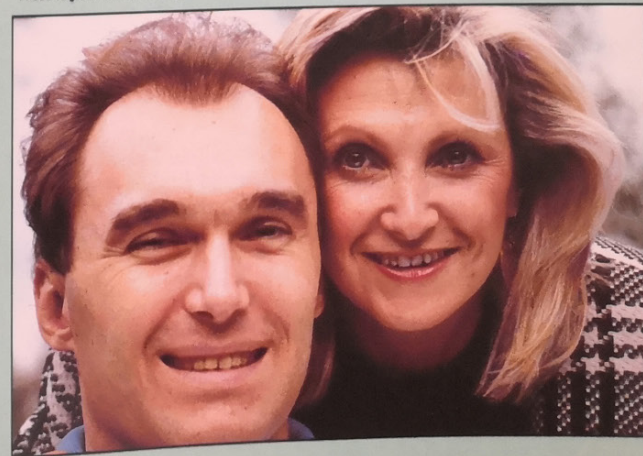
Talking of which, if there is a happy tail-piece to Renee's story of lonely struggle this year, it is in the attitude of Philippe's sponsors. He has always enjoyed a reputation as a driver with charisma to attract and keep sponsors, and every one of them - despite the fact he has not driven a lap in a Grand Prix in 1989 - spontaneously opted to honour their contracts for the whole year. To which must be added the happy news that, in an unhappily divided Formula One year, it was resolved at the drivers' briefing in Japan that all the drivers, the teams and FISA themselves would contribute to a fund that will help the Streiffs defray the horrendous expenses mentioned earlier. This, surely, is the image of the sport we will want to retain in 1989.

Last word, of necessity, to Renee Streiff. On the way back from the hospital in her car, she said simply: "You know, I have found, in the midst of all this turmoil and pain, a kind of inner peace. I know that whatever happens to me - to us - in the future can never be as bad, and I know I have the strength to cope." In one of our century's happier phrases, Renee Streiff has given human form to the definition of courage: grace under pressure. ■

Always aware of sponsors' needs: Philippe with 1988 team-mate Martin Brundle enjoying another form of racing  
(PEI)

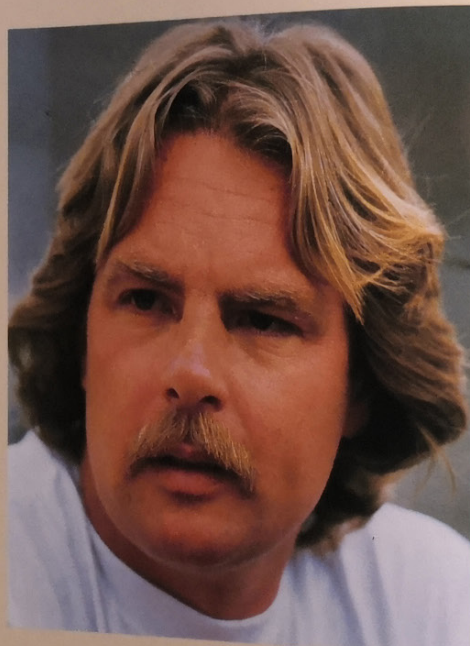


"I need to give him the will to fight..."





# FINNISH FIRST: KEKE ROSBERG



(Allsport/Michael King)

BY STUART SYKES

In 1985, in qualifying for the British Grand Prix, Keke Rosberg electrified a dull Silverstone day by taking pole with the first Formula One lap to exceed an average speed of 160mph. It was quintessential Rosberg: aggression, astonishing car control and sheer showmanship. World Champion in 1982, Keke retired after the 1986 Australian Grand Prix, which he had led for McLaren; but the famous competitive edge is now honed in the world of business, which for Keke is sports promotions, while his protégé JJ Lehto gives Rosberg a very personal interest in Formula One as it now is. PEI caught up with the man in Spain.

Question number one was obvious: has Keke thought of coming back to a Formula One cockpit, or is he thinking of it now?

"The answer is yes — and no. Let me first talk about the 'No' side. I have not thought about a comeback, because there's no point in thinking about it until a situation arises which forces you to think about it. On the other hand, a situation like that does not arise unless you work on it, create that package, because it doesn't come out of heaven, you know: you have to work on it. You need to find the right place, right car, right engine, right engineers, right sponsors, all

that. It doesn't happen by accident, so therefore that situation will probably never arise where I will be forced to think about it.

"The 'Yes' side is that I'd love to try my hands on one of the current cars. But just like that: love to see how they are, love to say I'm still into it. The only problem there is that physically you would be limited over doing long, exhausting testing. Depending on the race track; but say for instance you take this circuit, for Jerez. You're going to have a huge neck problem here if you just step out of the cold into the car. By the time you've learned it — two hours or whatever it takes — your neck's so tired you can't do it any more, so you can't really get to the part where you

really say to yourself you're about to find out whether you can do it or not. I'd still like to try a car, but on the other hand I'm not working on that either, so that situation will probably never arise. It's not that important a thing in my life."

*Looking back for a moment, Keke Rosberg enjoyed five Grand Prix victories, each of which in its own way was pretty memorable in style and execution. Which was the most satisfying from where he sat?*

"Definitely Monaco 1983. Because when I entered Formula One I had three goals: to win my first Grand Prix, win Monte Carlo and be World Champion. Monaco was on that list because it is so special. Just to win a Grand Prix, unfortunately, doesn't give you the satisfaction. Formula One doesn't give you much satisfaction, it gives you misery, because 95% of the time it's disappointment. It's easy to calculate: 114 Grands Prix I drove, five wins — 95% is not far off! It's a game for masochists, really, and you can only be a masochist for so long..."

*With inside knowledge, and now looking at Formula One as a relative outsider, is Keke surprised — saddened — by the decline in relationships between Grand Prix people?*

"No, it's always been there. There isn't the same depth of pride, education, maturity about being a Formula One driver as there was in the Seventies when I entered it. When I came in the Sennas, Prosts, Piquets of today were called Andretti,

Reutemann and so on. Now we think back to them as being the big old names — and in ten years' time we'll be doing the same to these guys, absolutely. But their fundamental thinking about Formula One was completely different. It wasn't a gentleman's game, it was already a cut-throat business then, but it was a gentleman's game in certain ways, you know?

"Tennis has some rules: you can make a volley from the net, but you don't necessarily hit it into the other guy's eye. Smash it close by, okay — tell him you *could* have done it, but you don't actually do it. In those days there was a certain set of rules, which has now gone out of the window completely. There are no rules, it's a jungle fight now — which is okay. Speak to the Rod Lavers, Ken Rosewall today, and they'll probably describe current tennis exactly the same way. It's happened in all sports, because sports have become professional. Because they're professionals, they have more ambition, more time to devote — it's become harder.

"Today's sport, everywhere, is business, it's professional entertainment. There's no difference between Elton John and Alain Prost any more, they both go on stage to entertain people and get paid for it. Elton John gets paid even more than Alain Prost does, but then Alain isn't underpaid either..."

"Tennis players no longer get dressed in white and go out on a beautifully mown court: shove on what they can, get out there and earn the big bucks. And we shouldn't mind that: this is the 1990s, we can't turn back. We've



British GP 1979: Keke in the Wolf Ford

(Allsport)

created this for ourselves by injecting more and more money to get better and better performance in all sports, so... You ain't gonna win in pole vault today if you don't have the pole. Whatever sport you take today, it's an *equipment* sport. Take athletics: if you don't have the right training facilities, physical testing possibilities, you ain't gonna be a world-class athlete.

"And all this nonsense saying, 'Well, is the *driver* still important in Formula One?': is the jumper still important in the pole vault? No, it's the pole that's the deciding factor! But take a Formula One grid: the 26 drivers aren't going to do the same job. Of course the driver is still important, otherwise he wouldn't be paid what he's paid. The teams would *love* to have a sort of electronic robot in there that they could control from the pits, push a button, say 'Turn right, turn left' — but that isn't the way it works. Of course he's important, as important as he always was. You're not going to develop anything unless you have the best driver in the world. Then, when the driver puts the car in the wall, it's 100% down to the driver on that day... Look at somebody like Alain Prost: why is he one of the better-paid drivers? He makes no mistakes... On the other hand, I don't know why the other two in the current equation, Mansell and Senna, are in the ranks of the highest paid — they make a million mistakes."



One victory in World Championship year for Williams at the Swiss GP - in Dijon!

(Sporting Pictures)





Royal accolade in Monaco, 1983, after one of Keke's greatest drives (Barry Pomeroy)

How, then, did K. Rosberg view the preceding weekend's events in Portugal, where Messrs Mansell and Senna tangled on the track again?

"As a repeat of the past. Just when you thought that at least one of them had learned a hell of a lot. No need for it, as on any of the previous occasions. And why has Prost never clashed with either? Or anybody else much?"

Keke was a teammate of both Nigel Mansell, at Williams, and Alain Prost in his last season with McLaren. They are, apparently, friends: will that relationship survive their working partnership at Ferrari next year?

"In the first place, they are not friends out of the cockpit. They have virtually no personal relationship. Maybe play golf now and again on the same course, but that's about it — they're not buddies. Everyone says there are no friends any more in Formula One: but they should realise it's impossible to have friends. This week one team is going to Estoril to test, another one is testing in Imola, the next is going to Silverstone — how are you going to have proper friendships? And come Grand Prix weekend, there's no time for friendships: you're either working or sleeping, sometimes sitting on a loo... It's nonsense to say Formula One is a cutthroat business, nobody's got any friends — there's no time here to make friends. This is not a kindergarten to make friends at, this is business. This is an office, a very intense, high-speed office."

Still, whatever your office may be, there has to be some form of enjoyment in what you do. What was it about being a Grand Prix driver that gave Keke Rosberg a buzz?

"Being better than the next guy: competition between individuals, the only satisfaction. You're competing against other men; if I miss something out of Formula One, the only thing I could name for you right now is the competition."

Which, obviously, can only be done by including all the rest, the other parameters. But competition is what

Putting their heads together: Rosberg (left) and his 1986 teammate Alain Prost (Alain Prost)



makes you a racing driver: not the thrill of the speed, like everybody says, not the money. You didn't become a racing driver because of money; you became a racing driver and became poorer at the same time, those two went hand in hand. You didn't have money for anything else, racing. If you couldn't afford two tyres, you could afford at least one — put it on the most important side of the car!

Were there any unfulfilled ambitions in Keke's 114-race career, apart from winning more races?

"Well, that's what you aim for — you want to win every weekend. No, it's never bothered me that I didn't win more races. In Formula One I don't think anybody ever looks back, you're too busy worrying about tomorrow. I don't look back at that Saturday, that Sunday, I look back at a block of 11 years, and now I'd rather say there's another block that comes after. You look back, say it was a wonderful time, but it was great to get out and do something else."

Tomorrow, for Keke, is largely in the shape of his young compatriot Jyrki Jarvilehto, or JJ Lehto as he is sure to become known to tomorrow's Formula One fans. How active an interest does the senior man take in JJ's development?

"On the driving side, I try to help a little bit on a weekend like this

where he's actually going to drive in his first race. It's not something I've done before, because in the lower formulae you've just got to learn your own way, there's nothing you can do. Even this weekend, I can't tell him directly about driving — I don't know what the hell's going on out there, I haven't even driven these cars! I can tell him about procedures, try to bring him into the weekend — because here it's extremely difficult, and especially because Stefan Johansson is not in the race. He would have been in desperate need of Stefan this weekend, it would have made his life 70% easier. He's really in at the deep end. But I rate him very, very highly, as a natural talent, and as an incredible person. He's got both of those, but you've still got to remember it's like putting a raw diamond on a table in front of him, and saying 'Here it is, it's incredibly valuable, cut it — but don't break it, polish it and let's see how fine it turns out'. And that we're going to find out in the next two years. It's a huge test of character, and only he can do it and decide how much he can extract out of himself, how much he can develop this excellent raw product we have in front of us."

Finally, what ambitions remain to K.R. in the sphere of business and personal development?

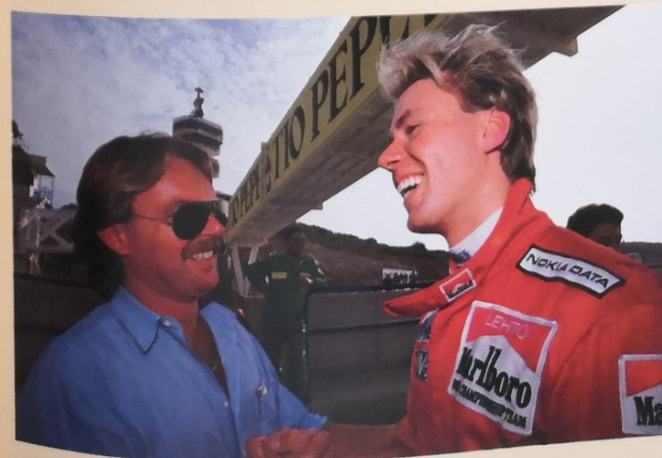
"The next step, which is very close, is to secure as good a seat as possible for JJ in Formula One next year: that's got to be the most important thing at the moment. At the same time I've got a Formula Three guy in the UK, Mika Hakinen, that I'm



His last British GP — for McLaren, 1986 (Alain Prost)

looking after, and that's got to be sorted out for next year, creating a programme that enables him to get the success I think he deserves as a driver, and a million other things. Working with my old partners from my active time, creating a new office again, the whole bit. I am enjoying it very, very much, travelling more now than I did as a Grand Prix driver; but everybody who is working has the same problem — you are torn between the love of your work and the love of your family. And whichever of those two you are doing, you have a bad conscience about the other one. I probably take that problem deeper and harder because I'm retired from

Keke and JJ — his rough diamond shone brightly in Spain! (Kalle Sallonen)



#### FORMULA ONE PROFILE: KEKE ROSBERG

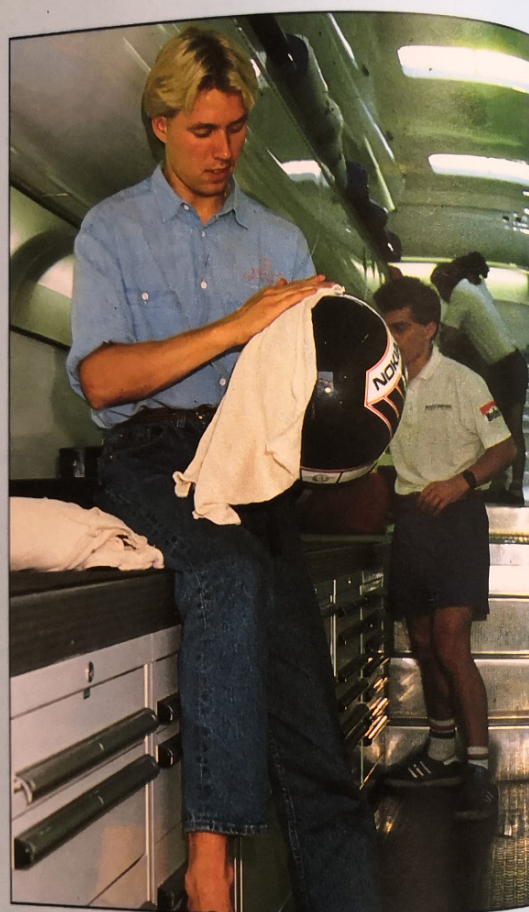
Born:	December 6, 1948
Nationality:	Finnish
First G.P.:	South Africa, 1978 (Theodore)
G.P. teams:	Theodore, ATS, Wolf, Fittipaldi, Williams & McLaren
G.P.s contested:	114
Victories:	5 - Switzerland 1982, Monaco 1983, Dallas 1984, USAE and Australia 1985
Pole positions:	5
Fastest laps:	3
Last G.P.	Australia, 1986 (McLaren)
World Champion:	1982 (Williams)



BY DAVID TREMAYNE

# GOING QUICKER

# JJ LEHTO



Ready to apply the polish: JJ at work

(Dominique Leprieux)

**K**eke Rosberg is a happier man these days. He can see light at the end of the tunnel which suffered something of a cave-in last year at Monza.

For some months now the gregarious Finn has been extolling the virtues of his protégé Jyrki Jarvilehto - otherwise known as JJ - to all and sundry in the Formula One paddock. By the 1988 Italian Grand Prix he thought his persistence had finally paid off and went there confidently expecting to cement a deal with Scuderia Italia to have him run as Alex Caffi's partner this season. Instead, he came away disappointed.

Alcario Buzzi himself, head of Philip Morris's massive Formula One involvement, decreed that the place should go to Andrea De Cesaris, whose father is one of Italy's most prominent Marlboro dealers. At that time, JJ was fighting something of a rearguard battle in the Lucas British Formula Three Championship, having come out of his corner at the start of the year with both fists flying as he knocked out rivals left, right and centre at Silverstone, Brands, Silverstone, Donington, Silverstone and Spa. It was Johnny Herbert all over again as the new sensation gathered yet further momentum. By

the latter half of the year, however, Gary Brabham's persistence with his Volkswagen Spiess-engined Ralt was paying off, as Bowman Racing and the Australian became the dominant force. Lehto was struggling with his Pacific Racing Reynard.

What could he do about the problem? The answer was invariable the same: "Go quicker". It became almost a catchphrase. Despite Brabham's charge, JJ wrapped up the prestigious title.

When he finally made his public debut in a Formula One car, in prequalifying at Estoril, conditions could hardly have been more unfav-



Ready to learn: JJ talking to Onyx team-mate Stefan Johansson

(LAT)

ourable. Only the previous Wednesday Moneytron Onyx owner, the unpredictable Jean-Pierre van Rossem, had fired regular number two Bertrand Gachot, allegedly because the latter had publicly criticised his team. At the time, JJ was engaged elsewhere, looking ahead to the Le Mans Formula 3000 race that weekend, and wondering if he was going to suffer again at the hands of team-mate and former Formula Three rival Eddie Irvine.

Leaving a certain part of Italy, he drove to Milan's Linate airport that evening, only to find that a furniture convention had flooded the outskirts of the city with businessmen anxiously discussing gate-leg tables and Queen Anne chairs. Undeterred, he simply curled up in his hire car for the night.

When he arrived in the U.K. the following morning, it was supposed to be to collect his road car to drive down to Le Mans. "But things changed a little. My office in Finland got in touch and told me I was driving the Onyx in Portugal. I had only minutes to get to Heathrow to make the flight!"

The usual delays at Britain's major airport worked for him. Though he arrived at 9.30 for a 9.25 flight, it was delayed. He made it. If he was tired when he reached Lisbon, it didn't show. Behind the scenes, Rosberg had been at work. Van Rossem had quickly been in touch after sacking Gachot. Could Lehto take his place?

The certain place in Italy at which he had been engaged was Fiorano, carrying out test as part of his

contract with Ferrari. Rosberg called Cesare Fiorio and was overwhelmed by the stylised Italian's reaction when he requested a release.

"He was very, very good about it. No problem. He agreed straight away, and said of course JJ must do it. He would never do anything to stand in the way of a young driver's career."

The Ferrari deal had been massaged by Marlboro at the end of 1988, when Roberto Moreno was obliged to give up his test contract due to his switch to race for Enzo Coloni's fledgling team. And before long, Lehto had endeared himself to the great Italian stable.

In his first run in the Ferrari 639 Nigel Mansell had set the seal on his relationship with the team by taking the car round the frozen Fiorano faster than it had ever gone. When

Gerhard Berger heard that Nicola Larini was odds-on favourite to take his place in the Mexican Grand Prix, following the painful burns he suffered in his Imola shunt, he had dragged himself to Italy. In a drive that sent shivers down the spines of all who witnessed it, the Austrian slammed round to a new track record in the 640. He made his point, and duly resumed racing in Central America.

The first time he ever sat in a 639, Lehto lapped only two-tenths off the time Berger had set. It wasn't a feat that received much coverage outside Italy, but it began to endorse Rosberg's unswerving faith in his protégé. That Wednesday prior to Portugal, JJ lapped in 1m 05s, only a tenth slower than the new course record Berger had just established...

Roberto Moreno knows all about setting lap records at Fiorano, and how much good they are to you when you're trying to wrestle an outdated Coloni FC188B round the bumps of the Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez, but JJ was luckier. With Onyx he had a team on the up, with a steadily improving car, solid organisation and a good budget.

Within minutes of the start of Friday's prequalifying session, only team-mate Stefan Johansson was faster. Lehto driving as if he'd been in the ORE-1 all season. Indeed, were it not for the different helmet it might still have been the experienced Gachot at the wheel. As Stefan improved, so JJ improved, yet he'd never so much as sat in the car until the previous day, or even seen the circuit. Was it difficult?

"No, not really..." The voice is soft, with an almost musical lilt, and comes out from behind a set of front

Still in the shadows: JJ didn't quite make it through Estoril prequalifying...

(Alonso Paez Ronda)





teeth that would have any cruel cartoonist instantly penning a caricature of Bugs Bunny. "It's just like a bigger 3000 car. Sure, the braking and accelerating loads are higher, and the increased grip strains your neck a lot more, but it's okay." Like any potential champion in the making, he wasn't being daunted. Formula One was something he had always aimed to do, not something by which he was going to be overawed.

He stayed on his original set of soft race tyres and was headed for another flying lap with a revised chassis set-up when one of the rear suspension brackets broke where it mounts on the gearbox, as he headed for turn one. At first the shower of sparks and dust suggested the engine had failed, but he kept control. Now, however, he was down to his banzai qualifying tyre run in the unfamiliar spare, which was set up for Johansson, who is shorter and stockier. As you can read elsewhere in this issue, problems are the last thing you need in prequalifying, especially when it's your first time. JJ didn't improve and ended up sixth, which became fifth once Dalmás had been eliminated for using three sets of tyres. The promise was there, though. His 1m 20.880s was a second off Alboreto's fourth-fastest time and a shade over two seconds slower than Johansson's best, but it had been set on race tyres...

Before the Spanish Grand Prix the following weekend, he returned from Le Mans to Estoril to test further for Onyx. On Goodyear's C compound (soft) race tyres, he lapped in 1m 18.88s; on qualifying Es he managed 1:18.20. The latter would have netted him 16th position on the grid, a tenth behind Stefan.

In Jerez he became the team's sole runner after Johansson's engine blew, and acquitted himself like a veteran even though his final qualifying run was spoiled for an unusual reason. "Some guy tried to land a helicopter on me! I was going into the first corner when he started to land close by, and there was so much dust everywhere I couldn't even see the corner! By the time I got through the tyres were dirty and I'd lost them. Where's that pilot?"

Despite that, he qualified a strong 17th (having been sixth on Saturday morning) and was sitting in the Warwick, De Cesaris, Cheever, Boutsen, Sala bunch fighting for 12th place in the race.



...but the sun shone on him in Spain

"I was comfortable: the car was running well and I just waiting to see how things developed. Then there was a bang on lap 21 and suddenly I had no gears. All the oil had gone..." It was nonetheless a sterling Formula One debut, a faultless performance that again vindicated Rosberg's enthusiasm and faith.

It also went a long way to putting his Formula 3000 season into better perspective. After his Formula Three campaign, great things were expected not only of him, but also of Keith Wiggins' Pacific Racing set-up, as they graduated together. Things didn't quite work out that way, however. With an inferior package (a Ralt-Alfa Romeo) Eddie Irvine had been a solid challenger on occasions in 1988. Now here he was, outqualifying and outracing Lehto in an identical car run by the same team.

As Lehto and Wiggins struggled to make their Reynard 89D work, Irvine and its designer, Malcolm Dastler, achieved better results, although neither could hold a candle to the similar Mugen-engined Eddie Jordan Racing car of championship winner Jean Alesi. But for Rosberg and Marlboro, Lehto might not now be sitting so pretty, as the older Finn negotiates on his behalf for 1990.

It was a marked contrast to previous seasons, his worse since he swapped a rally Opel Kadett for an FF1600 Reynard in 1985. He first drove a car at the age of six, before taking up the hazardous pursuit of motocross. Its legacy was Finland's second carbon fibre knee implant after a particularly nasty shunt.

In the Reynard, and later when he and Wiggins successfully pursued the

British FF2000 title in 1987, his progress was remarkable for the lurid angles at which he pitched his machinery. It resulted in a swell of support for his career, which in turn produced the inevitable detractors. The latter had a field day when he went Formula Three in 1988, one counting up to 18 separate 'offs' at one stage. Certainly the "go quicker" instincts frequently over-rode other considerations. Going for a hat-trick at Thruxton, frustrated by being held up by Martin Donnelly's Ralt, he tried too hard and hit the chicane tyre wall.

"At one stage I was convinced I was going to break my legs", he recalls. "But right at the last moment I managed to grab second gear and that sent the car in sideways." After a night in hospital he drove the 200 miles home, before deciding Finland was the place to be. That was despite the fact that it had taken him more than an hour to get dressed, such was the pain from cracked ribs.

Thereafter he listened more to the counsel of Rosberg and Marlboro mentor James Hunt, who suggested a cooler approach. The "go quicker" instinct is never far from the surface, however, but what really marks him out to watch now that he is in Formula One is that so far there has been no evidence of the overtrying that has usually characterised each move to a new category. Either he has matured early, or else made such mistakes in the privacy of Ferrari testing. Whatever, Finland now has a potential successor to Keke, with the vital difference that he has linked with a good team at a much earlier stage of his career. ■

## Longines Ultimate GP Quiz — Answers

Thanks to all those readers who participated in this competition — the response has been enormous. Congratulations too — we were very impressed at the number of correct entries.

### Part 1 from Vol. 3 No. 4

1. San Marino.
2. Eddie Cheever.
3. Derek Warwick.
4. One (the Italian Grand Prix was won by Ferrari).
5. Three (Lotus, Williams, Ferrari).
6. 1985.
7. Record number of Grand Prix victories.
8. 1976.
9. Spa-Francorchamps.
10. Mexico (1986).

Congratulations to Mr. Alan Smith of Cardiff, who was the winner of the superb Williams/Renault clothing for Part 1 of the competition.

### Part 2 from Vol. 3 No. 5

1. Jacques Laffite.
2. Osella.
3. Da Silva.
4. Second place.
5. 1986.
6. 7-Up.
7. Niki Lauda and Alain Prost.
8. Techniques D'Avant Garde.
9. Swiss.
10. 1983 (Williams, Brands Hatch).

Congratulations to Mr. Paul Gamblin of Shripney, West Sussex, who was the winner of the Williams/Renault clothing for Part 2 of the competition.

### Part 3 from Vol. 3 No. 6

1. (a) Bruce McLaren (22).  
(b) Luigi Fagioli (53).
2. Piercarlo Ghinzani.
3. Lella Lombardi.
4. Spanish Grand Prix, 1975.
5. British Grand Prix, Silverstone 1975 (Fittipaldi).
6. Nine.
7. Oporto (2); Monsanto (1); Estoril (8).
8. Honda.
9. Great Britain or USA. (As many entrants interpreted this question in two different ways we are accepting both answers.)
10. The numbers represent the Initial of the World Champions' Surnames:  
i.e. 8 = F: Farina, Fangio (5), Fittipaldi (2).  
6 = H: Hawthorn, Hill (3), Hulme, Hunt.  
5 = S: Surtees, Stewart (3), Scheckter, Senna.  
5 = P: Piquet (3), Prost (2).  
3 = A: Ascari (2), Andretti.  
3 = B: Brabham (3).  
3 = L: Lauda (3).  
2 = C: Clark (2).  
2 = R: Rindt, Rosberg.  
1 = J: Jones.

The Winners of both the Williams/Renault clothing and the Longines Watch will be notified in writing by PEI.

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# PREQUALIFYING HELL ON WHEELS



DAVID TREMAYNE

"That should be the end of getting up at five o'clock on Friday mornings!"

If Mike Earle's face wore a beam of delight in the paddock in Estoril immediately after the Portuguese Grand Prix, it was deserved. Moneytron Onyx hadn't just captured its best result since it entered the World Championship in Rio, with Stefan Johansson taking third place behind Berger and Prost; it was also virtually certain it would escape the dreaded Friday morning prequalifying for 1990. Consider the problem. Grand Prix tracks are only licensed to run 26 Formula One cars in a race, and only 30 at any one time in qualifying. At the end of 1988 it became abundantly clear to FISA that at least 40 cars were likely to show up for every one of the 16 1989 World Championship rounds (the final tally was 41). What

was the best way to sort out who should be guaranteed a chance to qualify?

Prequalifying - qualifying to try to qualify - was the only sensible answer, however tough it might prove to be on those who had to participate. Though it may be necessary, however, it is universally regarded as a nightmare.

The top 13 teams are not only allowed through to qualify; they also get the best pit lane garages. In some instances, such as Hockenheim, there simply aren't enough to house the prequalifiers permanently. That means they set up their transporters and awnings in the paddock on Tuesday or Wednesday and live there until six o'clock Friday morning, whereupon the frantic rush begins to get everything into a pit they often have to share with other prequalifiers. At

Monaco it means lengthy treks to and from a garage located halfway to Nice.

The mechanics rise at five, are on duty by six, and then face a high pressure hour that starts at eight. And if their charges don't succeed in prequalifying, they are turfed out quickly. In some cases, passes are only valid for the remainder of the day. Many bust their balls just to end up feeling like second class citizens. Out on the track, there's a Mexican stand-off when the session begins. On the one hand, every lap completed is experience in the bank. On the other hand, prequalifiers always face a dirty track because nobody has been running there recently enough to have cleaned the surfaces. That means you wait as long as you dare for some other sucker to waste their tyres doing the dirty work, balancing

clean-up time with learning time lost. It's a tricky compromise, because one hour to set up the car, dial out any anomalies and set a good enough time, is already cutting things mighty fine.

The smart teams, those that shouldn't really be there, will run their cars somewhere else before they load them into the transporter taking them to the race. Larrousse, for example, gives its Lolas a whirl at nearby Montlhéry, banking and all, just to make sure the engine doesn't misfire or leak oil. Despite that, things can go wrong. At Jerez, for example, Michele Alboreto's LC89 stopped out on the circuit early on, with electrical failure. He didn't just lose his first of two sets of tyres, but also lost a lot of time running back to the pits. The spare car was set up for Philippe Alliot, and time to change it was short. Too short. The Italian wasn't one of the select four who progressed to official qualifying.

Even the best can fail. Martin Brundle missed out for little reasons in Canada and France, and Alex Caffi in Brazil and Britain, yet both have shown themselves capable of running strongly elsewhere.

There is an argument that the extra hour of prequalifying can be advantageous later in the day for the successful teams, but it can be a two-edged sword. Brabham really showed how the thing should be done during the first half of the year, with a slick turnaround that usually had Brundle and Modena at the head of the time sheets and then ready to go the minute the first free practice session began at 10. The hallmark of a good team was its apparent lack of panic.

Others aren't so efficient. Larrousse, for one, spent a couple of meetings missing the first half of the 90 minute free practice session transferring equipment to the proper garage it won by prequalifying, and then readying its cars. With more experience, it began to move in Brabham's direction.

Lola's Chris Murphy firmly believes that the extra hour being a benefit is a weak point. "It's 50/50, really. Running on a dirty track makes a car's behaviour difficult to evaluate accurately, and often the ambient and track temperatures have risen by free practice anyway. Places like Budapest can be an exception, though, where nobody has been able to test in advance."

For drivers, the sessions are as tough as they are for the team personnel. Goodyear's runners, for example, usually kick off on a set of intermed-



Opposite: Casting a long shadow: Pierre-Henri Raphanel has had regular lonely walks... Above: Early morning sunshine at Monaco - but not for Rial rookie Volker Weidler

(Allport/Pascal Rondeau)  
(Allport/Pascal Rondeau)

## Martin Brundle (Brabham)

"It's the fairest way they can do it. How else are you going to thin out 39 cars? So it's typical Formula One: cut and thrust, sudden death - but it has to be that way. Prequalifying is the most difficult hour I've ever spent in a racing car. Take Montreal this year: I had four mechanical problems in the first half-hour; there's no substitute for circuit time - and I hadn't been to Montreal for three years. So I had thirty minutes left, on an unfamiliar, drying track, to do a supersonic time..."

## Philippe Alliot (Larrousse)

"No-one can possibly realise what an unbelievable experience having to prequalify is in its intensity, its tension. You can be sure of absolutely nothing, if you have any problems on the car it's a nightmare. And if you come upon a guy who shouldn't even be in Formula One, a guy who's asleep out there on the track, and gets in your way... There's only one solution: you *must* get a clear lap, and you *mustn't* make a mistake..."

Zakspeed are another German team to have been hard hit by the prequalifying rule, as Suzuki was in Phoenix - and everywhere else





lates that are partway between soft race tyres and qualifiers, and manage to eke around 15 laps out of them. In that time they've got to dial in the chassis, tuning ride heights, spring rates, wing angles and rollbar settings, before their one-shot run on qualifiers. Pirelli's runners are in exactly the same boat. Run into a problem, as did JJ Lehto in Portugal, when his Onyx broke its rear suspension, and your chances are minimal.

The effect of continual failure to prequalify on teams such as Zakspeed and Euro Brun can be imagined, as can Onyx's anguish at Silverstone. After Stefan Johansson had finished fifth at Ricard it seemed set to escape, only to be pushed back into the mire for the second half of the season when Minardi bagged a fifth and a sixth at the 11th hour in the British Grand Prix, to keep out for at least another six months.

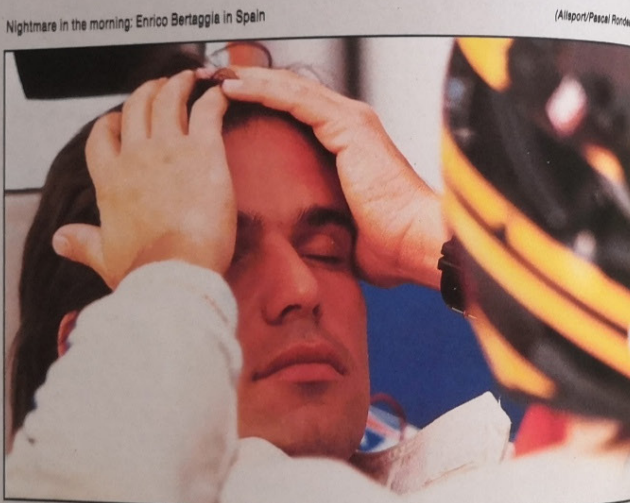
Each half year the situation is monitored, like a league table. Results are assessed for the previous two half seasons, with points or non-points scoring placings stacked up. The top 13 teams then go straight to qualifying, passing go. The rest go to the jail of prequalification. Such is the intensity of competition that even the points scoring teams are likely to find themselves rising early on Fridays in 1990, but there is little alternative. It's as fair a system as can be devised, and while it might shake a few no-hopers from the Formula One tree, it also sharpens those with the ability to improve.

As Brabham, Scuderia Italia and Onyx have shown this year, life in prequalifying may be a bitch, but talent will always find its own level. ■



For the second half of the year, Gerard Larrousse has been an anxious Friday morning watcher

(Allsport/Pascal Rondon)



Nightmare in the morning: Enrico Bertaggia in Spain

(Allsport/Pascal Rondon)

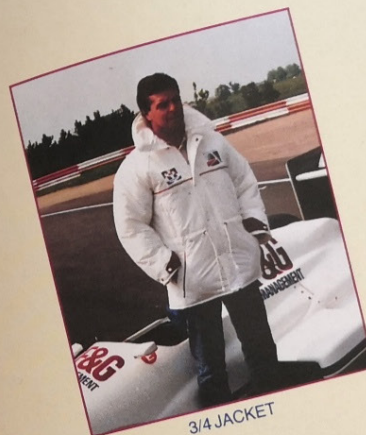


No matter the shape, the Euro Brun was never going to make it...

(Allsport/Pascal Rondon)

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## OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

# KENNY ACHESON



Irish eyes are never far from smiling...

(LAT)

## THE FARMER'S BOY

By Andy Smith

In July Kenny Acheson returned to Brands Hatch for the fourth round of the World Sportscar Championship — his first race in England for six years and his first at Brands since 1980.

Partnered by Mauro Baldi, Acheson piloted the Mercedes home first another step nearer the manufacturers' title. Acheson was delighted to win again in Britain reminding everyone of the abilities he had displayed earlier in the decade — abilities that had earned him a Formula One drive.

In July 1983 I had interviewed the 25-year-old Kenny Acheson in the Silverstone paddock prior to his first Grand Prix practice session. The young man was not backward in coming forward. Over confident, I thought. In October 1989 the 32-year-old version walked through the swing doors of London's Great

Western Hotel. There was a genuine easy smile and a relaxed air about him. He had learned a lot about life in six years, obviously.

"I wouldn't say Silverstone in '83 was my debut Grand Prix — I didn't start a race that year until Kyalami in October. It was not a good year."

Acheson had experienced a couple of bad years in fact. The son of a farmer from Cookstown in Northern Ireland, he had made an early impression in motor racing back home, then arrived on the mainland in the late Seventies. In 1978 he won three Formula Ford titles in the one season, 33 wins from 58 starts. The next year he was first nine times in Formula Three finishing runner-up in the championship to Stefan Johansson. The problems began in Formula Two in 1981. At Pau he crashed badly, breaking his legs in six places at the street circuit. In 1982 he struggled

to seventh in the championship in a Ralt Honda and in 1983 grabbed the opportunity presented by John McDonald to attempt Formula One in the RAM March. "I guess I saw it as a chance and at that time chances were running out for me. I was naive about racing then, I think I'm a little wiser now. Then I thought only of Formula One, but had nobody to advise me."

Acheson's Formula One debut produced the usual tabloid precise description 'Farmer's Boy' — "I think Farmer's Boy from Cookstown just about summed it up. Donington's Tom Wheatcroft and Robert Fearnall had supported me but really there was very little they could do to help." Acheson attempted to qualify the RAM at every Grand Prix, from Silverstone, that year's round nine, to South Africa, round 15. He was guaranteed a place on the grid at Kyalami as there were only 26 entries.

but he outqualified the Osellas of Corrado Fabi and Piercarlo Ghinzani. "Nobody could say whether I did a good job or a bad job. It was debatable whatever I did." 12th place in a race won by Riccardo Patrese in a Brabham with Andrea de Cesaris in an Alfa second was creditable though unremarkable.

It was a lonely, frustrating period. "Then, as now I suppose in pre-qualifying, nobody spoke to you. Unless you're at the front nobody wants to know you. There's no news in somebody who's not qualifying, or in my case, not even near to qualifying."

1984 was originally intended to be a proving year in the States. It did not work out that way. Acheson lined up in just one race and returned to Britain to plan a revised campaign for 1985. In conjunction with his good friends Eddie Jordan and Stefan Johansson, Acheson decided on Japan Formula Two and Group C.

The chance to return to Formula One came in tragic circumstances. Manfred Winkelhock, the courteous West German, was killed in a sports-car race in Canada in August. To the disgust of John McDonald several drivers were on the phone to him within hours asking about the possibility of replacing him in the RAM.

McDonald gave none of them house room and instead called Acheson in Japan. "Kenny had been loyal to us at a difficult time two years before and I felt that we owed him a favour." Acheson was on hand too. In spare moments at home in England he had been asked by McDonald to run in the RAM cars before Grands Prix. "There was more cash about than in 1983. RAM were backed by Skoal Bandit. I felt reasonably confident about it all — I'd just won a Formula Two round in Japan so I agreed to do a couple of races."

Happier days than F1: Kenny in F3 action in 1980



(LAT)



They weren't even when Kenny was having a hard time in Formula One in 1985, either...

(Sporting Pictures)

The car was a smart, sleek piece of machinery designed by Gustav Brunner and Sergio Rinland, but it had not been subjected to the extensive aerodynamic testing required to prove a design and worse still, the engines were malfunctioning — persistently. Acheson was aware of the engine problem. "I was running in a car at Donington prior to a Grand Prix at Imola. By the end of the pit road it wouldn't run cleanly. It turned out it had more or less swallowed itself." The Hart engines proved disastrous. The team lost 40 of them in all through the curtailed 1985 season due to blow-ups. "If McDonald could have made a deal with an engine manufacturer so that he wasn't paying for all the engines then we might have been able to do the whole season, but really there wasn't much hope when you're paying out for engines that only go for 40 yards."

As expected Acheson's comeback was over almost before it started. He was recalled by RAM for the Austrian Grand Prix at Oesterreichring in

August 1985, qualified 23rd but retired on lap 17; failed to make the grid at the next Grand Prix at Zandvoort; qualified 24th at Monza and was out with gearbox failure on lap three.

At Spa the engine failures were such that only three units were available to the team and special permission was given by FISA to cancel Acheson's entry. The whole team failed to make the last two races of the season, Kyalami and Adelaide. Skoal Bandit had decided enough was enough and pulled out of their sponsorship muttering vaguely about 'corporate objectives having been achieved.' It was the end of RAM in Formula One, the end of Kenny Acheson in Formula One and according to McDonald, time to 'accept that trying to compete as a privateer in Formula One is virtually impossible.'

The real frustration from Acheson's brief sojourn in Formula One was that nobody saw enough of him to be able to make a judgement on his ability. Being on the fringe meant that nobody paid him much attention at all. Except — and for Acheson it is a very noticeable except — "I was in the motor home at Oesterreichring just before my first Grand Prix back. Only two people from Formula One came by to wish me luck and say 'Glad you've got another chance.' They were Ron Dennis and Patrick Head. Every time I think of that I realise why they have got where they are and why they are at the top of two of the best teams in Formula One — because they actually know what's happening inside and outside Formula One. Most of the others probably didn't even know I was there, but those two had made it their business to find out."

By Monza Acheson had already decided that his chances of succeeding in Formula One were fast disappearing. "I thought, 'who needs it?' It was not as if I was earning any money out of it and there was no point in just making up the numbers." Things are so different now. The outwardly confident but fragile personality has long since been replaced by a tougher, more rounded character. The sudden success with Mercedes has helped of course, but he also feels that "I've grown up a lot since 1985. I've learned from the experience and realised that there are other things in life than Formula One and other things in motor racing than Formula One."

Kenny Acheson by 1985 was level headed enough to be able to walk away from Formula One, grateful to

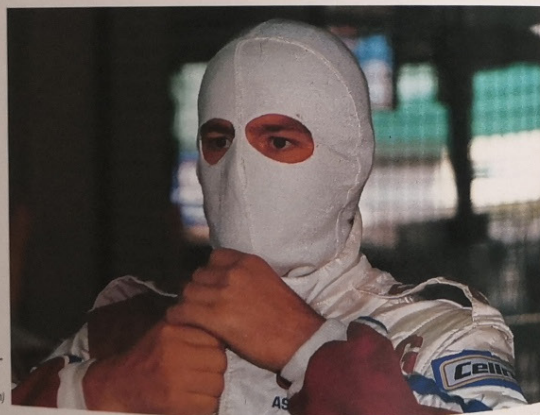






# STRAIGHT LINES

## THE DEREK WARWICK COLUMN



Who said I was better-looking this way???  
(Keith Sutton)

was there! I tried to get out, but whipped the nose off the car. On the way back to the pits, in the fast right-hander at the end of the circuit where I was pootling along in second gear, the thing just went over the kerb and into the barrier. Roll on Spain...

We had expected to go well at Jerez, as well, but on the Friday we got no balance on the car, changed it completely, and were fourth-quickest on Saturday morning and looking competitive again. Until my right front brake disc exploded at the end of the straight, throwing me into the barrier at around 130 mph. Not only

did I give my right ankle a nasty twist, I was also forced back into my other car, and it just wasn't right. Jerez is tricky: it demands double the commitment of any other circuit we go to. When your car is not behaving itself, life can become quite interesting. Once again it was a missed opportunity: qualifying badly, I paid the price - and what a price! Some 25 laps stuck behind Mr. A. de Cesaris, who also caused confusion around pit stop time, so that my own teammate Eddie Cheever actually punted me up the back. In I went for repairs and tyres, came out - and was immediately behind Andrea again!



Should have put a mask over my car in Portugal too!

(Allsport/Pascal Rondel)



Once past him, it was Nelson Piquet I had to contend with; he made a bit of a mistake coming out of the fast left, I dived for the inside - and he turned in on me. A typical racing accident, you'd have to call it, but I had to come in again for nose repairs, and eventually I had to settle for tenth.

Did I say qualifying was hard in Iberia? That looked like a holiday compared with Suzuka three weeks later. Again it took us too long to find a race balance, but the main problem was we just could not get a decent lap on our Goodyear qualifiers. On race rubber we were as quick as anybody, which merely made it more galling; and when we put more downforce on the car, it upset the balance - not what you want on a circuit as technical as Hondaland. Suffice it to say Eddie and I were 24th and 25th on the grid...

There was only one way to go - forward, as fast as possible, and I decided to run with very little downforce and go out there and pass cars. The car was very hard to drive, but very rewarding - and pass cars is precisely what this racing driver did,

something like ten of them. And those were all good, clean dices, genuine racing rather than making up placings through retirements. Mind you, it was easier to concentrate on simply getting past other people when I lost my rev counter and all my gauges on lap 10! From 25th to 6th (subject to confirmation) was a pretty pleasing day's work, and I felt quite good on the evening of the race.

Which is more than can be said for Formula One as a whole. What a shame the season has ended in such

controversy. It all started in Estoril with what I thought was a diabolical decision to fine and ban Mansell. Sure, reversing in the pit lane is an infringement of the rules - but so is ignoring black flags when someone has gone off, or running with an illegal rear wing, or the wrong tyres. Where do you draw the line? We need stronger control over these areas, the sport needs more of an iron hand.

On the infamous Suzuka incident, my basic point of view is this: once you've stopped - crash, spin, stall - you've stopped, and that's that. If a driver finds his car is in a dangerous position, of course he should be pushed - but not to the point of actually re-starting. If they want us to re-start, they should give us the wherewithal by putting starters in the car, shouldn't they? And Ayrton's "crime" was not that he was pushed, in itself, but that he rejoined at the wrong place. Sad end to a sad story - and an unhappy way for Sandro Nannini to "win" his first Grand Prix. We've all got a duty to show Formula One in the best possible light, be truly professional.



I was very pleased with the 'point' at Suzuka - 25th to 6th was reasonable going...  
(Allsport/Pascal Rondel)



A much more acceptable face of Formula One was worn at the drivers' briefing in Japan when we resolved to act on behalf of Philippe Streiff, who was so badly hurt in Rio before the season even started, and about whose progress you can read elsewhere in the magazine. Jean-Marie Balestre put the idea forward, and we have all decided to help to a level determined by individual financial status. The teams will contribute too, and the sum will be matched by FISA (almost makes the fines worthwhile!). I think it's nice that all the drivers feel strongly enough to do it - after all, there's nothing else we can do. Philippe's case is a reminder that racing still is dangerous: you have an accident at 200 miles an hour, you can be in a Sherman tank and you're still going to suffer. That's all part of the pressure on the drivers, and one reason why we try constantly to increase safety: circuits can do so much, constructors can make cars stronger - but at the end of the day only one man gets hurt, and that's the driver. There's a fine line between making it and not making it, between having an accident and avoiding it. Life's very difficult out there, and there's a lot of good, hungry talent trying to get amongst it. But now it's time to look forward. Every year I get enthused, but never more than this time. We lost momentum at Arrows somewhere around Hockenheim, and when Ross Brawn left the team. Unlike most people, I can keep my momentum going, as my drive at Suzuka proved - I felt it was my best of the season, and it shows what can be done. Now I'm looking forward to being a Lotus driver. We've tried to make it happen I suppose four or five times before, and I'm so glad it's finally a fact. New spirit in the team, Lamborghini engines looking good - I can scarcely wait. Next year was already much on my mind when I set off for Adelaide with Eddie Cheever immediately after the Japanese race. We planned to run 10 kilometres a day, do an hour's gym work a day, and play 36 holes of golf a day! It was good for me, as I hadn't been able to get down to proper exercise since damaging my back. Getting fit for Lotus was the most important thing. Well, not quite: Cheever's been improving on the golf course recently, and we were playing for high stakes: \$10 a match! We don't mess around...



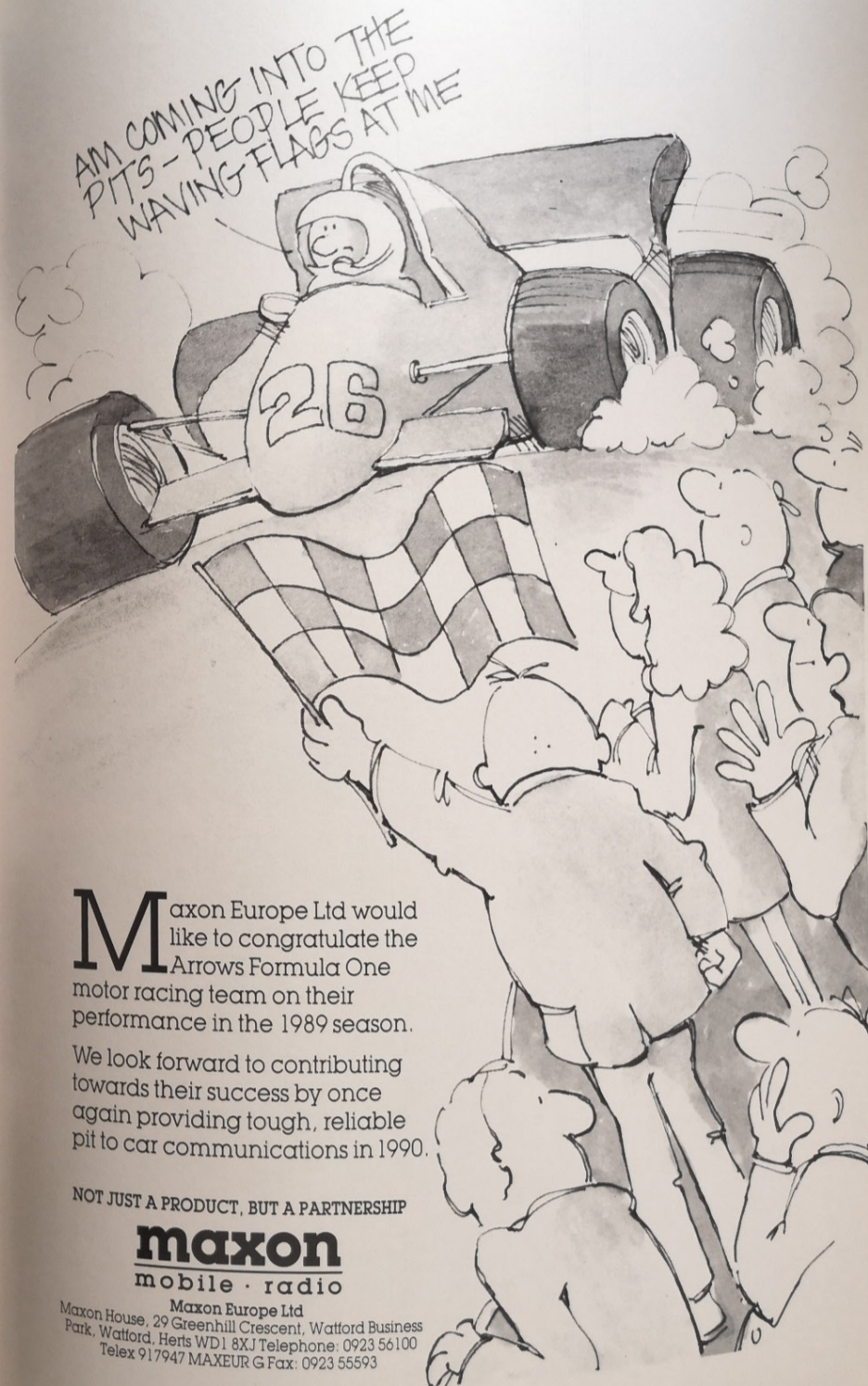
One of the highlights of my year came off the track - but still in a high-speed cockpit  
(Zoom Photographs)



At least I get the front seat in this cockpit - even if my straps are too tight!  
(Sporting Pictures)



Getting fit is the aim now - to make this mid-season check less nerve racking, if nothing else...  
(Sporting Pictures)



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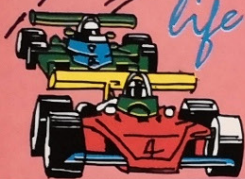
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# PITFALLS

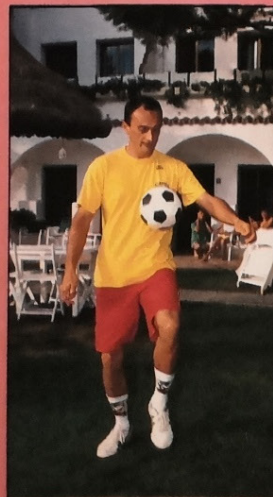
life on the pit lane's lighter side



Times have been troubled, lately, for FISA President Jean-Marie Balestre (left). The Senna-Mansell debacle in Portugal... the Senna-Prost shambles in Japan... and the generally tortured atmosphere of Formula One in its 1990 version. But fraternity is clearly the watchword in France, at least, and team manager Guy Ligier is not afraid to kiss and tell. (Lukas Gorski)



Grace, elegance, style... all the attributes a Grand Prix girl requires! (Lukas Gorski)

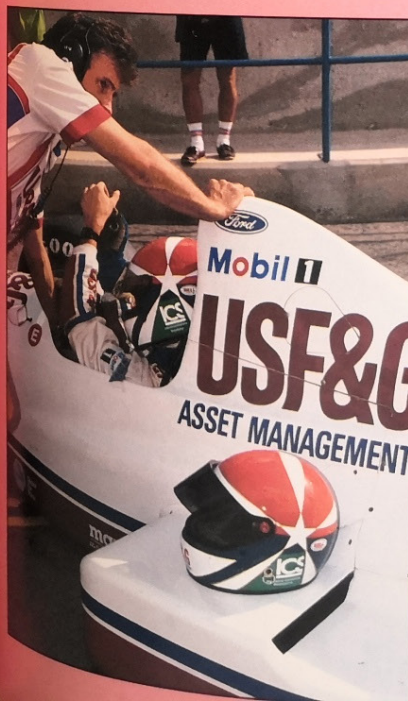


Some readers will have heard of the Camel Trophy, a bizarre sideshow that takes place in the Amazon, or Siberia or somewhere. Now comes news of the real Camel trophy, fiercely contested in Spain by teams representing on the one hand, Press and PR, on the other, the dubious crowd known as photographers. We (the press) had two outstanding guests: Gabriele Tarquini and Yannick Dalmass. Tarquini, showing his sublime skills here, was instrumental in a 2-0 victory inspired by captain Malcolm Foley of the Daily Express - and it should have been 10. (John Townsend)

And some (in this case, Pirro) fell on stony ground... (John Townsend)



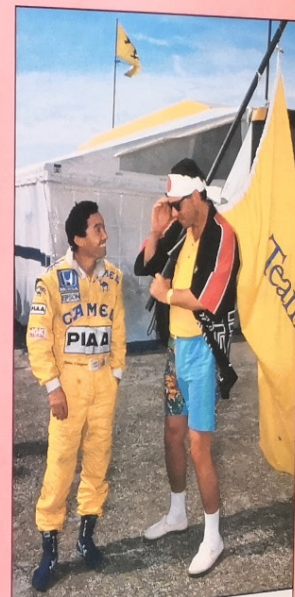
Sandro Nannini was clearly bent on getting into the swing of things in Spain, whether investigating local produce... (Sporting Pictures)



Two heads are better than one, is Mr Cheever's motto (John Townsend)



... or demonstrating the art of the matador. Wrong colour, Sandro: stick to the steering wheel... (Sporting Pictures)



We've all heard of kamikaze or banzai efforts from Grand Prix drivers, but here is a fan who takes matters to extremes in his own way. Englishman Gordon Brine is Satoru Nakajima's number one fan, and as Nakajima's traditional costume (with expression clearly shows, the traditional costume of 20th-century modifications) is a welcome expression of "Supertan's" enthusiasm (John Townsend)





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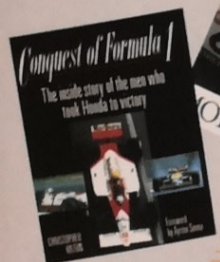
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# SPEED READING

## CONQUEST OF FORMULA ONE: by Christopher Hilton Patrick Stephens Ltd. £16.95

"Would Honda do the honourable thing and give both - in the time-honoured phrase - equal treatment? They would be asked this question at a press conference and find their answer at worst awkward, and at best, misunderstood." Prost and Senna? No, the drivers in question were Mansell and Piquet. Honda's domination of Grand Prix racing is still not the impressive feat

it deserves to be because there exists the feeling that Honda has determined which of its drivers should win in certain circumstances. Christopher Hilton's book plots the history of Honda's "Conquest of Formula One". It is a fine book, written in an easy and attractive style, meticulously researched and with plentiful quotes to enliven the text. At the heart of the text is a story of a business - a very big one. One of the pleasures of the book is the way in which the author exposes the "success at all costs" ethic for which this Japanese conglomerate has become rightly famous. It thus further exposes a crucial question about the sport: how much is a success a function of technology and how much is due to driver skill? The book addresses the question,

indeed probes it quite hard, but like so many before him the author cannot rightfully deliver an answer. The book stops at Mexico 1989 - the feud between Senna and Prost only in its infancy, although bitter enough even then, and perhaps this is the enigma of the work - it is this McLaren-Honda driver feud, like the Mansell/Piquet disagreement in the Williams-Honda era, which has somehow become more important than the colossal achievement that Christopher Hilton portrays in his appreciation of Honda's contribution to motor sport. One unhappy note: the pictures on the whole are disappointing - whilst some of the black and white photographs are very evocative, many are messy. The colour plates are on occasions out of focus.

## WORLD ATLAS OF MOTOR RACING CIRCUITS by Joe Saward Hamlyn. 224 pages £14.95

What better way of filling in the close season of motor racing than to read about all the world's circuits, enjoy Jim Bamber's excellent drawings, and be entertained by a guide who has seen more of the tracks than most? Joe Saward is one of the most idiosyncratic members of the nomadic Formula One fraternity, and one

who has pitched his tent - almost literally - at more motor racing tracks than most people have had hot arguments. This is more than a mere descriptive catalogue, however: there is a wealth of historical detail, not only where each circuit is concerned, but also about the origins of the sport itself, from Monza to Macau, from Solitude to Silverstone. The text is sub-divided into geographical areas, through Europe, North and South America, Africa, Australasia and Asia. Where would you go to find the Corkscrew? Which circuit boasts a feature called Almirante Brown Arch? What famous driver performed what feat of derring-do at what circuit? All of the answers are here, but the facts are pleasingly complemented by the

Bamber drawings, themselves accompanied by straightforward diagrams of major circuits. Saward is renowned as a man with encyclopaedic knowledge of the sport, so it is fun to point out the odd little error here and there: the Paul Ricard circuit claimed the life of Elio de Angelis in 1986, not 1985 as stated; while Silverstone 1950 was indeed a royal occasion, it was not thanks to the presence of King George IV... But this is pronounced upon only as a friendly gesture, and in no way detracts from the visual and textual impact of a handsome, strikingly-produced and very entertaining volume, which makes perceptible use of the comments of the great and the good, and manages to be a lot fun as well as as a mine of information.

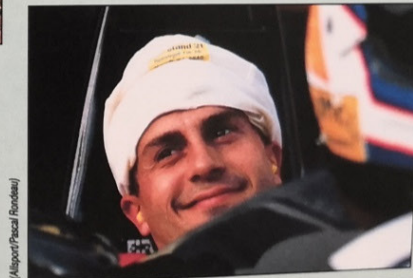
# IN THE NEXT ISSUE

## PRIX EDITIONS INTERNATIONAL - EVEN BETTER VALUE IN 1990!

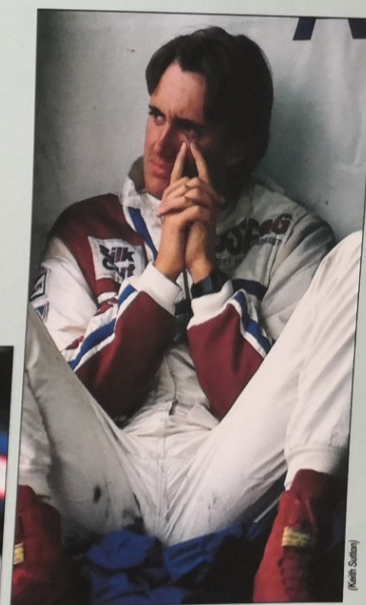
As 1989 has shown, Formula One - like any sport - has its little ups and downs. Nowhere will you find its various moods more clearly reflected than in *Prix Editions International* - and from the first issue of 1990 we are going monthly!



(Keith Sutton)



(Alfred Piquet/Fordham)



(Keith Sutton)

Drivers are men of many moods, from the smile that says life can only improve, to the slump that means the worst has probably already happened. PEI takes you behind the scenes to find out why the drivers react the way they do... and why fortune favours the select few.



(Alfred Piquet/Fordham)

Oops! However hard you plan, things can go awry - as they did at Spa last year for these two gentlemen. No fun if you can't have a laugh, is it? So PEI likes to look at the lighter side of Formula One as well.



(John Townsend)

Sometimes, though, there is no escape from the serious truth of what these men do for a living: in Grand Prix racing, danger is ever present: there's a fine line between success and failure, between keeping the line and losing the place. But you needn't ever lose the place: keep in touch with the magazine with more features on Formula One.



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